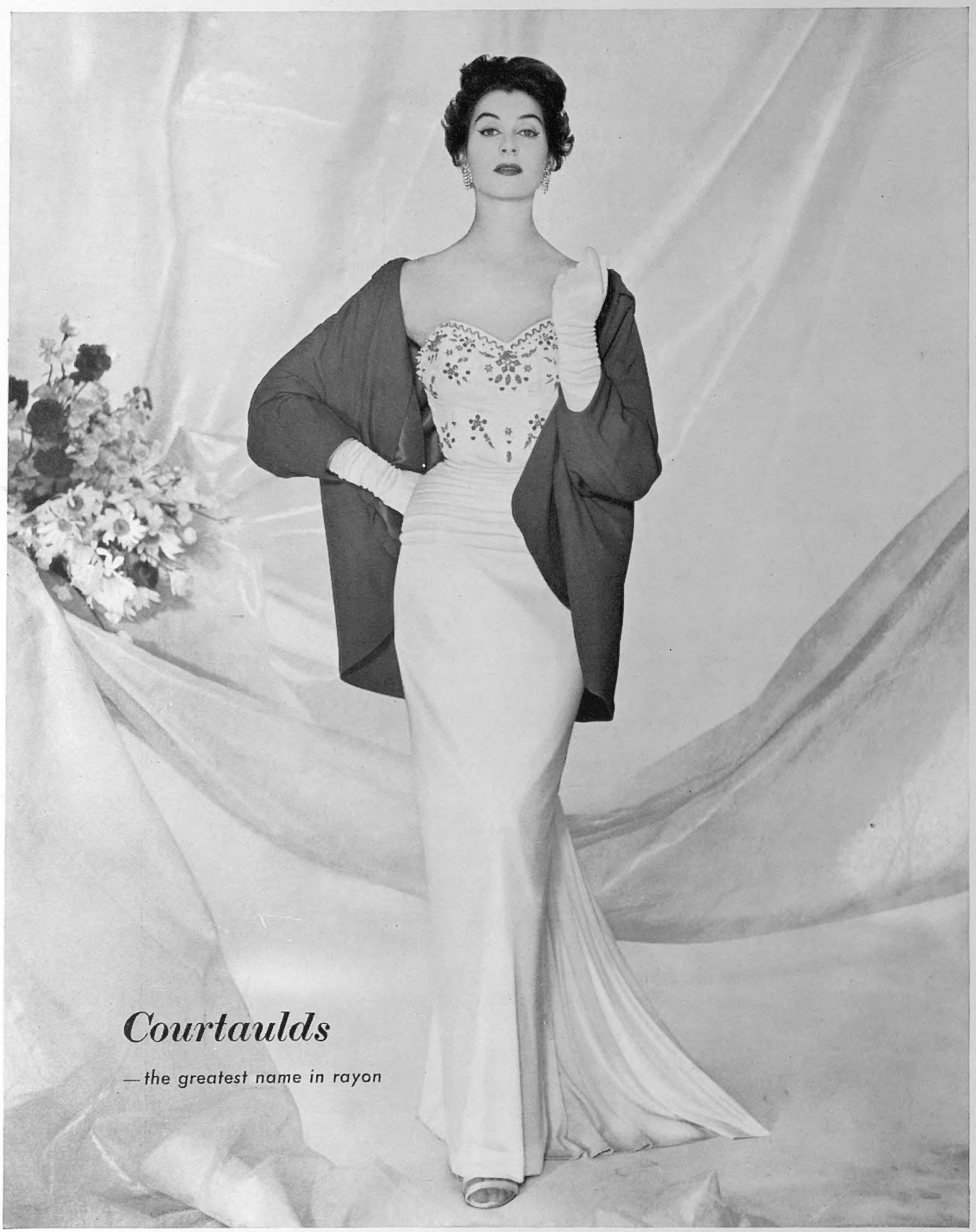
BRITANNIA and Eve

OCTOBER, 1954
TWO SHILLINGS



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BRITANNIA and Eve

VOL. 49 NO. 4

OCTOBER 1954

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195–198 Strand, London, W.C.2, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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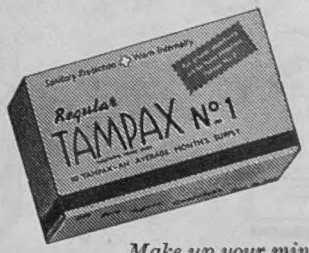

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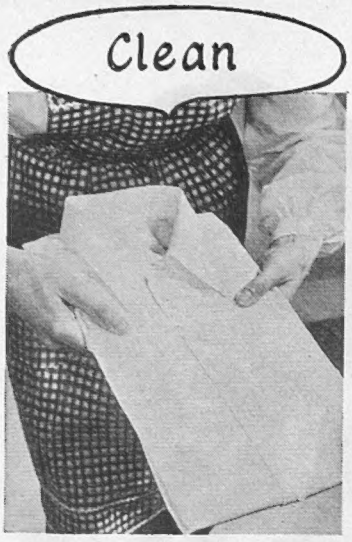

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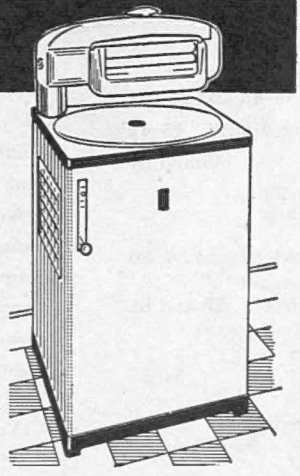

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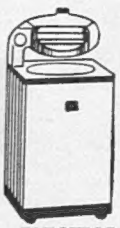
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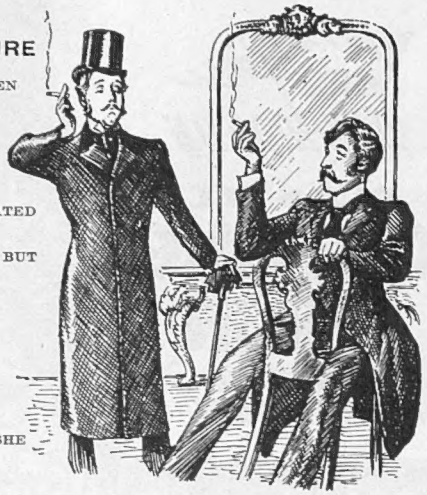

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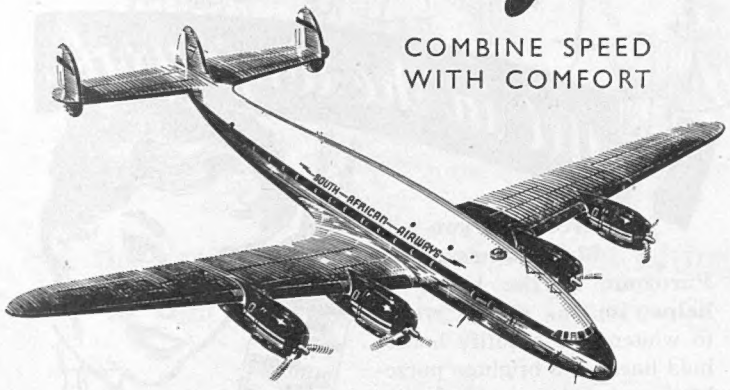

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The echoes came again, floating across the misty water, just as they had on that memorable evening of their wedding day, but they had only laughed at that long-distant reminder of . . .

A Grand Night in Wallingford

By LOUIS GOLDING

Illustrations by COLEMAN

ALFRED was good with a pair of sculls. He was still only thirty. Kathy, who was not twenty-five, knew she looked pretty with a cushion below her, the water behind her, and the rudder-lines in her hands. There was nothing they liked more than a day on the river in a Thames skiff, so when they got married they decided to have a honeymoon holiday, rowing up for a few days, and rowing down again, taking it easy.

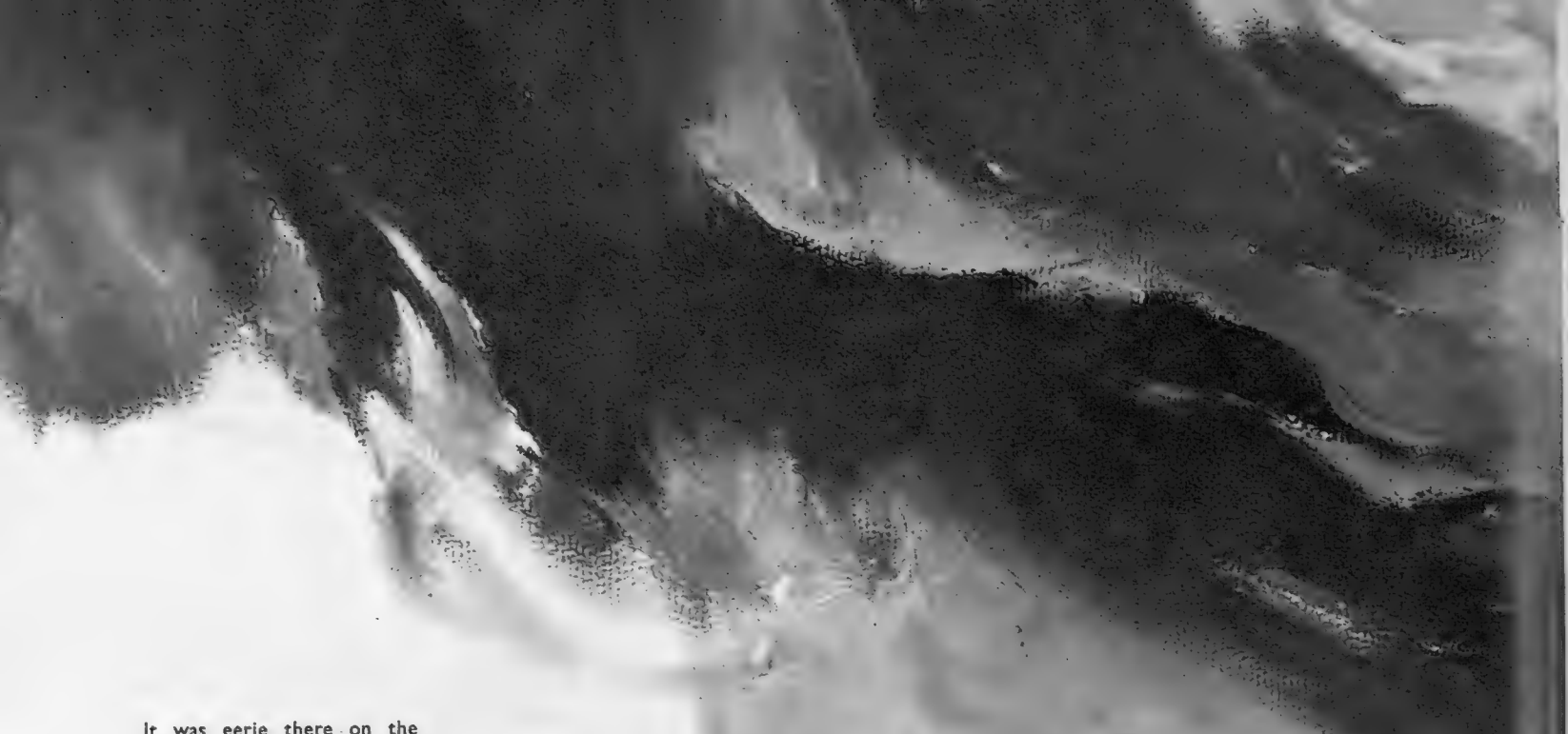
This was a long time ago, the last week of September, 1921, to be exact, the year of the great drought, when there was no rain over Southern England for months and months on end.

The river would be very low, of course, but that couldn't make any difference to the rowing.

The story begins to concern us on the day the happy couple set out from Caversham and reached the Swan Inn at Streatley. It was about five o'clock. There they had tea, and left three-quarters of an hour later. They negotiated Goring Lock some half-mile upstream, then Cleeve Lock, and were out in the open river again by 6.45.

In late September there is usually a good deal of mist about on the river in the evenings, and in that year of hot sun and drought there was more than usual. Darkness had fallen. The mist that had first shifted uneasily in wisps and eddies, was thicker now. It seemed to slide solidly over the river, like formations of white-caped soldiers on skis manœuvring over snow. Then, finding itself up against one of the banks, with a slight shock it would recoil and make for mid-stream. The banks, when they were visible, were sometimes much steeper than Alfred remembered them, with the river now running so low. It was really quite eerie.

Alfred was beginning to wonder whether he ought not to suggest calling it a day, though he didn't really like the idea. They had ordered dinner and a room at the Eagle, in Wallingford. It would be awkward if they didn't get there. Besides, it would put out the rowing schedule a good deal. On the other hand, they were on a honeymoon, not a rowing tournament. He would leave it to Kathy to decide.



It was eerie there on the river, with the phantom oars pursuing them through the shifting mist. Kathy put a hand to her face. It was clammy.

" Darling——" he started.

" No," she said. She always knew exactly what was going on in his mind. " We 'll go on to Wallingford, as arranged. That is, if you 're not tired ! "

She bit her tongue. If she wanted him to pack up, that was the one thing she shouldn't have said.

" *Tired !* " he snorted. He got down to it like a Henley champion. " When did we say we 'll get there ? Eight-fifteen ? We 'll get there half an hour before time ! The other line, darling ! " They sped forward like a water-beetle.

She wasn't frightened really. With Alfred you couldn't help feeling quite safe. He knew the river, the islands and the bends and everything, like the back of his hand. But it was not like the same river at all, with odd-shaped trees suddenly looming out of the mist, and phantom cattle sighing among the reeds. Alfred was now doing practically all the steering with the oars. He seemed to be enjoying it a good deal. She wished she herself was enjoying it more. But the great thing was she was with Alfred. And it was their honeymoon.

ABOUT half an hour after they had left Cleeve Lock she first heard the sound of the pursuing oars. It seemed odd to her that anyone other than themselves should be out on the river after nightfall, so late in the year, with the mist making everything so tricky. But there was no doubt about it. There it was, the click of oars in the rowlocks, the swish of oars in the invisible water. Soon after, the other boat seemed to drop back a bit, then the sounds came again, curiously distinct along the muffling mist. She didn't like it, somehow. What sort of people are they who take to the river after nightfall, and a night so misty ? What can they be up to ?

" A bit chilly, darling ? " asked Alfred. As a matter of fact, she wasn't. The warmth of the day seemed to linger on between those boats, with the mist flat like a counterpane.

" A tiny bit," she conceded. She didn't mind at all if he quickened the pace, though he was hard at it already.

" We 'll be there in no time," he assured her, putting on a spurt like a college stroke. But he wasn't the only one to put a spurt on. Quicker, sharper than before came the sounds of the pursuing oars, the click-clack in the rowlocks, the sibilant thrust through the water.

" What *are* those people after ? " she asked herself. " They can be up to no good. Why don't they show themselves ? " But they didn't show themselves. Alfred slackened his pace, the pursuing oars slackened, too. When he waited, there was not a whisper from them. When he shot forward, they shot forward, too. She put the back of her hand to her forehead. She felt clammy all over.

" What 's the matter, darling ? " Alfred asked suddenly. " You 're not catching cold ? "

" Nothing 's the matter, dear ! "

" You 've not said a word for ages. Cheer up ! We 'll be passing under Moulsford railway bridge soon, then it's no distance to Wallingford."

" I 'm all right, darling."

" You 're worried."

" No, I 'm not."

" You 're worried about these people coming up behind us, aren't you ? "

" No. Why should I be ? "

" They 've got as much right on the river as we have. Perhaps they 're another honeymoon couple," he added facetiously.

" Yes, darling. But——"

" But they 're blithering idiots. Would you like me to stop and tell them what I think of them ? "

" No, darling. Please, no ! I don't like the idea of a squabble in the middle of the river. I suppose they 're just a couple of boys who think they 're being funny ! "

" I 'll give them funny ! " he said grimly. The next burst of speed was quite up to Leander standard. But it was no good. The pursuing boat was quite as fast as he was. There was no drawing away from it.

" Here it is ! " cried Kathy suddenly.

" Here *what* is ? " Alfred was quite startled.

" Just pull with your right ! Moulsford Bridge ! "

" Of course ! " he said. " I knew we were about there ! " He feathered with the left, and pulled with the right, played dexterously with both sculls, then there they were, stationary in mid-stream, with Moulsford Bridge shadowy above them.

" What are you doing ? " she cried in alarm. " You mustn't start a row with them ! They 'll have us over ! "

He did not reply. Instead he leaned back, raised his head, and shouted up into the steel girders.

" Hello, you ! Hello-o-o ! "

The echo came back to him : *Hello, you ! Hello-o-o !*

" Pair of donkeys ! " he shouted out.

Pair of donkeys, the echo returned.

It came to her not two seconds later. He was already laughing his head off.

"Pair of donkeys is right——" she began.

"You silly thing!" he spluttered. "A harmless old echo! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

"You were as frightened as I was!" she managed to bring out, before she, too, was convulsed with laughter. "Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!"

Ha, ha, ha! the echoes went, as if there were a whole gang of Alfreds and Kathys. *Ha, ha, ha!*

Laughter and echo ricochetted along the banks. The tears gushed down their cheeks like Thames brimming her sources again. The boat rocked as if a wind had suddenly sprung up.

"Look out!" they both cried. They steadied the skiff. They wiped away their tears. Alfred swung away at the sculls again. Kathy tugged at the rudder-lines.

"You see, Kathy," he started, "with the banks so steep——"

So steep, the echo repeated.

Then they started laughing again. Then they stopped laughing and sang. Then they stopped singing. Then once more the echo clicked in the rowlocks, hissed along the water. They got to Wallingford a good twenty minutes before they had expected to. There was a roaring fire in the hearth. Before long there was a steaming-hot dinner on the table. It was a grand night in Wallingford, the sort of night a married couple dreams of ever after.

Alfred and Kathy dreamed of that night in Wallingford, as the years went by and became decades, as the peace became war again, as the war became more or less peace.

Then it was 1951, and it was the third week of September.

"Do you know what, darling?" observed Alfred.

"Tell me," said Kathy.

"It's just thirty years ago. I'm just twice as old as I was then."

"Yes, dear?"

"I've still got a week's holiday." (He had a job as a masseur in a nursing home.)

"So you want to go up the river again?" She smiled. He smiled, too. She was always one jump ahead of him. "Another night in Wallingford, darling. Yes?"

"Yes," he said humbly. He did not know he could love her more than he did already, but apparently he could.

"How soon do you want to go?" she asked briskly.

"Next week," he told her. "Like before. The last week in September."

"We'll do the same distance and the same times," she insisted. She knew how proud he was that he was practically as strong now as he had been then, half his lifetime ago.

"You'll have to do a little more steering," he reminded her.

"Yes, of course," she agreed lightly.

Of course she would. He would not be able to steer with his oars any more, as he used to. He was stone-blind,

and had been for many years. But that hadn't kept them off the river. Not at all. There 's a good deal more a man can do with a river than merely see it. He can hear it, too, and feel it, and smell it, and bathe in it.

So off they went for this river holiday of thirty years after. All the way up to Caversham. Early lunch at Caversham. Tea at Streatley. Leave Streatley at 5.45. With a bit of luck they 'd be in Wallingford for dinner at eight o'clock. A roaring fire and a steaming-hot dinner on the table ! In Wallingford, all these years later !

It was working out beautifully, the times, the distances, everything almost exactly as it had been long ago, except for the fact that Alfred couldn't see any more. It was again quite a dry year, nothing like so dry as it had been in 1921, but still, the river was quite low, and the banks quite high in places. And being late September, there was again a lot of mist about. Really the Thames was doing all it could to wipe away the years for these two ageing folk. In one way it was easier for Alfred than it had been before. He didn't have to strain his neck or his eyes to keep a look-out. Kathy was his eyes, as she had been for all these blind years.

Goring Lock was behind them now. So was Cleeve Lock. It was some twenty minutes or so after they had passed under Moulsford Bridge that Alfred suddenly shot his head back.

" Hello ! " he said. " Do you hear ? "

" What, darling ? "

" Don't you hear it ? "

" It 's too silly ! " said Alfred.

" What 's too silly ? "

" There 's the echo again. I was half expecting it, but it 's been a long time coming. Don't you hear it ? "

" No," she said. " I don't. At least I don't think so." She couldn't hear a thing. But nowadays his ears were a good deal sharper than hers. They rowed on. A little further upstream the mist was thick. Here the echo was distinct, the swish, the click-clack. " Yes," she said. " There it is. I can hear it clearly now. Isn't it uncanny ? "

" Not at all," said Alfred. " Not this time. It was uncanny last time. At all events till we got to Moulsford Bridge. Then we remembered."

" *You* remembered," she corrected him.

" All right. *I* remembered. But it *was* funny, wasn't it ? I don't think we 've ever laughed so much before or since. Have we, darling ? We ought to be getting to the big white bungalow soon, I think."

" That 's right," she assured him. They rowed on. " I didn't know the river was so low again," he said, after a pause. " The banks are fairly steep here, I imagine. Are they ? "

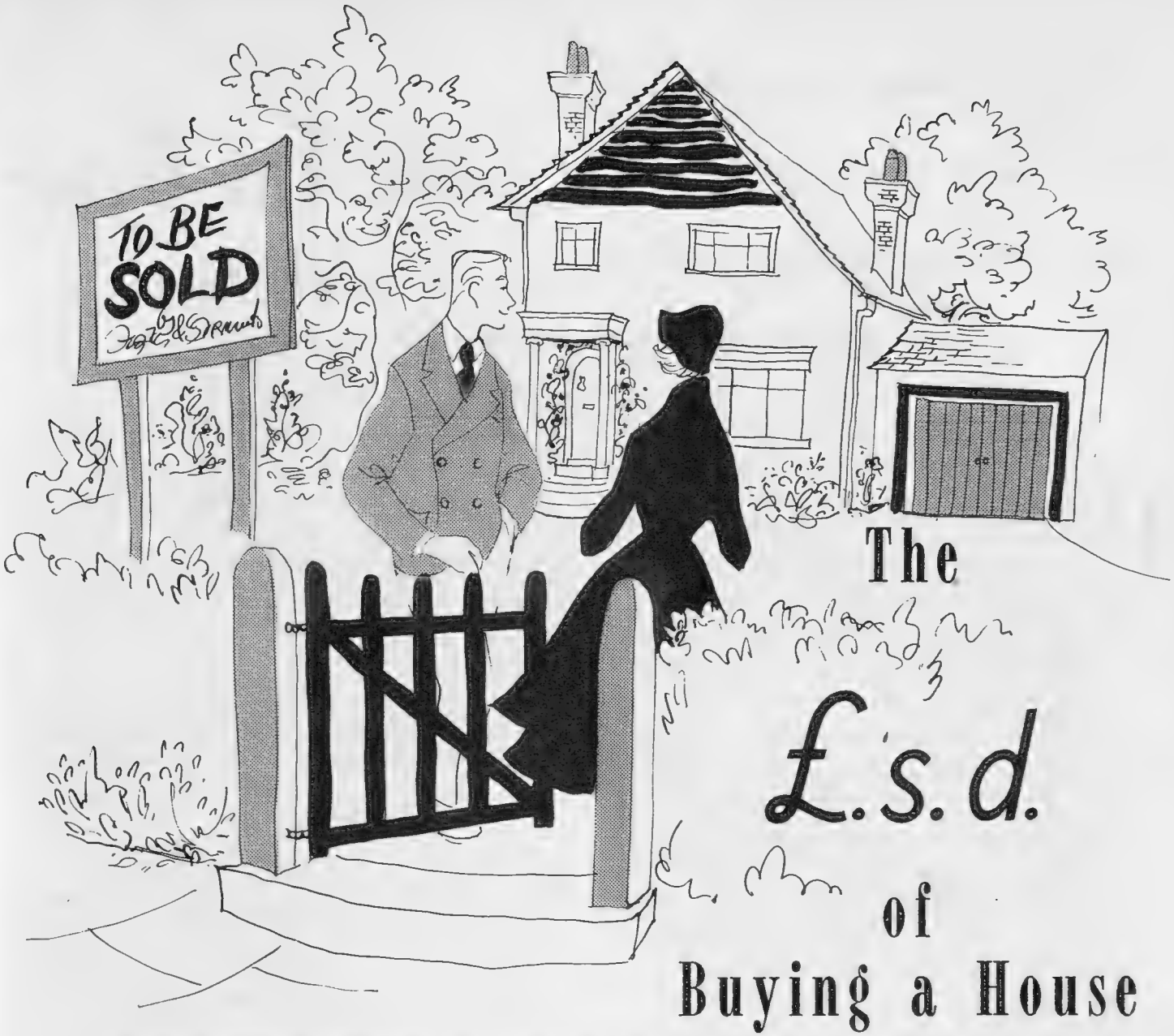
" Yes, dear."

" Of course. Oh, there it is again. You hear it, don't you ? "

" Yes, darling. I hear it quite plainly." But this time she could not only hear, she could see. The air in front and behind them was clear. A Thames skiff like their own had just emerged from a ragged thicket of mist downstream. She was about to tell him that this time they were real, not phantom, sculls that were coming up behind them. Then : " Not yet," she told herself. " It 's like a dream. It 's a pity to spoil it. He 'll soon find out for himself. Perhaps it *is* a dream."

But it wasn't a dream. There were two men in the skiff. They kept their distance, and she could only see the face of the steersman, (*Continued on page* 66.)

For a moment the mist thinned and there were the familiar lights of the hotel. The nightmare trip was over at last



The £.s.d. of Buying a House

Buying a house in these days is a long-distance marathon. A woman economist's views on apportioning the family income to ensure a comfortable win

Illustration by JANE HARVEY

By HONOR CROOME

MOST young couples, however willingly they may start married life in a bed-sitter and kitchenette, eventually want a family home. In this country, as distinct from the Continent, that generally means a house. Outside the working class it also means, almost inevitably, a house of one's own.

Council houses are all very well if you can get one—marvellously cheap with their tax-subsidised construction and rate-subsidised rents, and generally much more attractive than the speculative builder's bogus-Jacobean product; but the middle-class aspirant to a council house is heavily handicapped under most "points" systems, and even if totally unpolluted with snobbery may well object to having the colour of his doorstep, the flowers in his garden, his hobbies, his wife's washing arrangements, and even his visitors, censored by an authority legislating on the assumption that its tenants are born slum-makers.

Tenancy, in fact, is out—except for town flats, which come forbiddingly expensive in family sizes. Generally speaking, one must buy or build, and few people can put down the whole capital cost. They must borrow; and the enthusiasm of would-be home-owners is lifting building-society business month by month, to new record levels.

Matters have been eased by the two "Macmillan" schemes, involving Treasury and local authority guarantees. Both allow 25 years, compared with the normal 20 or less, for repayment. The first, covering post-1918 houses valued at £2,000 or less, calls for a down payment of only 5 per cent.; under the second, covering all houses up to a limit of £2,500, the down payment is 10 per cent. For anything bigger the traditional building society terms still hold: 20 per cent. or more down, 20 years or less to pay.

What does this mean in hard cash commitments? Taking mortgage payments alone, the buyer of a £2,000 house under the first scheme commits himself, after paying down £100, to an annual outgo of £128 a year. A £2,500 house under the second scheme will cost £250 down and £152 a year. A £3,000 house on the societies' normal terms will take £600 down and about £215 a year.

(*Continued on page 66*)

One day she is a schoolgirl—the next she is

a grown woman.

On The Other

Your responsibilities as a mother are not

ended yet—unless you mean to leave her standing alone

IN a group at a cocktail party the talk had turned on some of the witty Intimate Revues which were packing the smaller theatres, and also on certain new books. Somebody said:

" Funny how a period becomes a fashion overnight. The nineteen-twenties are a sure-fire laugh, at present."

"Apparently," said an urbane, older man, " the very lingo is strange, let alone the customs and the clothes. Miss Blank (he named a well-known figure) was in the Birthday Honours List, you may remember ? I happened to remark ' She and my sister Came Out together, at about eighteen——' and my young niece looked blank and said ' Out of *where*, Uncle Steve ? . . .' "

Out of limbo, according to the reckoning of young Chris and her contemporaries. Out of the secluded background of schoolroom and girlhood to be transformed into a debutante and launched on the social scene. To have a gay, good time in a crowd of other young people, whose parents were friends or acquaintances of her own parents. And presently, to be steered into a suitable marriage within the charmed, the known circle.

Bringing out a daughter in those days was not only the concern of the upper classes. Let 's not be afraid of using the words ? I won't, if you won't. . . . In middle-class homes, professional homes, the tradition, the code, the custom, held good. Even though there was, of course, less glamour and everything was planned and done on a far more modest and limited scale.

We did not Come Out into a world of such dazzling prospects ; but Come Out we did.

To-day, in such homes, there is not the same launching of a daughter on the social scene. The social scene has become as shifting and nebulous as a quicksand. One might quote the words of Danilo in " The Merry Widow " ; " Here I am, at my country's call . . . but where 's my confounded country ? . . ."

Long ago, I came across a novel which was a fantasy of future conditions in a world impoverished and depleted, manacled by shortages—a term which is now a part of our mental processes but which was then almost uncoined. In this book, a mother said to a newly-marrying daughter, " I 'm afraid you 'll have to find your own sheets : John and Mary have had my last spare pair. . . ."

I remember thinking, how absurd ! and even what an exaggeratedly grim picture it conveyed. Now we have learned the stark fact that the changed (and ever-changing) financial structure of our times, determines, more than any other factor, our social life. To-day, parents face varying degrees of difficulty in even budgeting for a daughter's wedding. I have seen young couples planning their weddings ; most touchingly concerned to spare the bride's parents any unessential expense.

Another fact which works against a planned social life for a girl is an obvious one : every girl whom one knows is working at some job, and many of them do not live at home. The young people among whom your daughter grew up and among whom you could have expected her to choose a husband, are scattered far and wide. She must sink or swim among strangers, make her own contacts, find her own friends.

And what can you do about it ?

Well, now ; let 's consider for a moment why you need feel that you should do anything at all. . . .

The past regime of a carefully planned social life for a girl had its faults, its limitations, its values which were not so much false values as temporal ones. The underlying aim was simple : the parents desired to surround their daughters with friends and companions who belonged to the same world. They desired to see her safely, suitably, happily married.

It is easy to dismiss these ideas as not only belonging to the ark but as being wrong in themselves.

But, having admitted all this, the underlying aim was surely blameless, fundamentally and humanly right, and—most important of all—is still the basis of any girl's life—plan ? You, Daughter-Of-Your-Time ; want to surround yourself with contemporaries who like the same things as you do, have the same ideas, enjoy the same forms of fun.

" *Pastyme and good companie*
I love, and shall, until I die. . . ."

Don't we all. . . . ? The main difference is, that your ideas of both are wider, freer, and sometimes more startling, than those of your mother at your age. Yours is a different world.

We came to the question of getting married. You want to get married, don't you ? The odds are that you will keep on your job until you start a family ; an Entirely Supporting Husband is something of a rarity if you wish to marry very young. But marriage shines bright and clear in your design for living, just as it always has.

SO—in the final summing-up : your plans, made by you for yourself ; and the plans made by parents for daughters in the generations before yours ; do not differ in fundamentals. Only in scope, in certain values, in circumstances. . . .

I cannot help feeling that too many parents turn a blind eye to this fact. I hear such voices as these :

". . . so we 're getting rid of the house and trying to find a tiny flat. What is the use of keeping on a house when the girls are all working in Town ? "

(But a house—like this one—in the lovely wooded country twenty miles from Town, could surely be a delectable place for a working girl at certain week-ends, and a place to bring her friends ?. . .)

". . . . my dear ! Sally brought a perfectly impossible young man down last Sunday. I don't suppose for one moment there 's anything In It . . . I devoutly hope not !—but really ! . . ."

". . . Pippa's sharing rooms with two other girls, you know ? She brought one of them—Joan Something-or-Other—home last week-end. I *was* disappointed ! The earnest type . . . glasses . . . going to be a *vet.* of all things ! Can you imagine it ? I did at least expect that Pip would choose friends who 'd be of some use to her . . ."

Some parents, you see, do not want the responsibility, the burdens, the bother, of maintaining a home where their children are only birds of passage. Others are resentful and aggrieved because, in their view, their children find ineligible or undesirable friends away from home.

Where is the happy mean ?

When I was pondering this article, a young niece came for a night to my London cottage. She sat on my bed and talked, and I put the question to her. She said :

(*Continued on page* 68.)

Photograph by Caradog Williams

Side Of The Chasm

By KATHLEEN WALLACE

Why Waste Words?

Compiled by JOHN WILLIAMS

Words, words, words—glibly, prodigally, they roll off our tongues and our pens. the everyday currency of communication, the common coinage of self-expression. Goodness knows they are varied and plentiful enough: but most of us are word-wasters in that, while we grossly overwork some, we leave others unused in the verbal treasure-chest, to be exploited only by the poets, the orators, the great writers.

And yet it is not difficult to be more word-conscious, more alive to the arresting phrase, the striking word—and particularly the adjective—which triggers-off the imagination by painting a vivid verbal picture Here is an amusing game to play and a test of your latent powers of expression. Below on the left are some phrases as they might be written by the unwordconscious. On the right are comparable phrases as actually written by masters of literary expression. See what they have done, then try your hand at improving the sentence with well-chosen words. On page 70 we have given our choice of alternative adjectives for each phrase. How does your own choice compare ?

As *We* Might Say It

1. His suit was a flashy brown with loud checks.

2. A little rain fell from a wet sky.

3. Myer's (old clothes) shop was full of the cast-off skins of cast off pomp.

4. The big, grey curling waves lifted the ship's bows.

5. He had faded fair hair and a ragged moustache.

6. In our kind of 'plane I could not see how we could possibly fly over those great thundery mountain clouds.

7. Two men walked backwards and forwards across that yard, their pipes between their teeth, their red faces beaming with pleasure.

8. Before it (the whale), far out on the rippling waters, went the shadow from its broad white forehead.

9. Mr. Prang, with a flourish of his fat brown fingers, rang the bell.

10. A glade of bluebells, where you sit on the silver trunks of birch trees and with a fallen oak-tree for your uncomfortable table.

11. I looked up into the light-blue sky with clouds in it like misty veils.

12. There was something uneasy about the heavy sky and foggy darkness across the distance.

As *They* Said It

1. His suit was *vehement* brown with *visible* checks. (O. Henry.)

2. The rain dribbled from a *well-laundered* cloud-cloth. (William Sansom.)

3. Myer's (old-clothes) shop was full of the *sloughed* skins of *peeled* pomp. (Gerald Kersh.)

4. The *great grey cylindrical* waves lifted the (ship's) bows. (Graham Greene.)

5. He had *pepper-coloured* hair and a carelessly-trimmed moustache. (Denton Welch.)

6. In our kind of 'plane I could not see how we could possibly fly over those *dense electric Himalayas* of cloud. (Laurens van der Post.)

7. Two men walked backward and forward across that yard, their pipes *erect*, their *ham-pink* faces beaming with pleasure. (Giles Romilly.)

8. Before it (the whale), far out on the *soft, Turkish-rugged* waters, went the shadow from its broad, *milky* forehead. (Herman Melville.)

9. Mr. Prang, with a flourish of *podgy, coppery-cream* fingers, rang the bell. (H. E. Bates.)

10. A glade of bluebells, where you sit on the silver trunks of birch trees, and with a *prone* oak for your *awkward* table. (Sir O. Sitwell.)

11. I looked up into a light-blue sky with clouds in it like *thin folded veils.* (Freya Stark.)

12. There was something uneasy about the *lowered* sky and *inky-blue fumy* darkness across the distance. (Elizabeth Bowen.)

The Girl who wanted to Dance

By CLEDWYN HUGHES

Illustrations by SHOWELL

More than anything Morwenna wanted to be able to dance, even if only to hop up and down in one place like a sparrow

URIAH was a wanderer who had walked the roads of Wales and the west of England for forty years. He knew every lane where primroses grew, but had never plucked a wildflower in his life. He knew pastures by rivers where hedgehogs could be seen at play, but he had never caught for food one of these strange yet intelligent little animals. And Uriah had experienced country beauties as well as country sights; roads golden with leaves in the reflected light of autumn sunsets; the light of frosty moons silver on snow-held worlds in January; the sea-like movement of corn ripe for the cutting. Such sights and prospects, no matter how coarse the life a man might lead at his beginning or how unrich his fortune, must have an effect upon character. Fortune, over the years, had been tough on old Uriah, but his wisdom had a touch of that saintliness which comes of contact with endless and perpetual things.

By inclination and occupation Uriah was a tramp. He looked, at first appearance, rather forbidding. He had a great black beard which drifted down from his face, it was trimmed when Uriah met some knife-grinder who had scissors to sharpen or a garden shears to mend. Then, this vagrant acquaintance would take a goodly clip off the

bottom fringe of Uriah's beard and the wanderer would be content.

Uriah's clothes were ancient, but not dirty. Each fortnight he cleaned them by rubbing in sand and fine earth, and then beat out the sand and the earth and the dirt with the fine branches of a silver birch tree, or with bunches of ling. His was an original, and most effective, dry-cleaning. His underwear, although ancient in thread, he wet-cleaned as opportunity arose; he knew the site of every depot of the petrol distributing companies in seven counties. On a dark night he would enter one of these compounds, protected though they were with fencing of galvanized iron and barbed wire; Uriah had long ago mastered barbed wire. He would climb into one of these places and strip off his shirt, his socks and his long pants. Then, tying these on to a long piece of string, he would climb the short ladder leading to one of the storage tanks of petrol. There was a lock, of course, on the manhole at the top; but Uriah used a lady's hairpin, which is superior in versatility to any key. The manhole opened, Uriah would dip his dirty under-clothes into the petrol, jangle them about for a few minutes on the piece of string, haul them up again, and shake them dry in the night air. Then he would climb down and dress again, his clothes dry and aired. It was an excellent method, and Uriah had only been detected once. On that occasion the petrol company had been so amused that they had used the affair in their publicity; Uriah had had five guineas with which he bought a duffel coat.

It was to be seen, then, that Uriah was an original, a solitary, one of the rare creatures of this civilized, badgered and meek-mannered age. All his possessions he carried on his back, and in his heart. He had no ambitions, no roots, and lived for the sun and the wind, for springs and autumns. The days he spent on the road, and the nights he passed on haystacks and in barns.

YET Uriah had an occupation, for he was a tramp and not a beggar. He earned his living by making walking sticks and in this most individual of the country crafts he was an extraordinary expert. Hazel and blackthorn, ash and ivy were some of the woods he used, although Uriah could make a walking stick from any timber. As he walked along the country road, he had an eye always for the hedges at either side; he would carefully watch the continuing growth of each likely stem or shoot which promised, in a few years, to be fit for cutting for a walking stick. His memory in such matters was everlasting; nothing escaped him. The only time he felt near temper was when some farmhand forestalled him by cutting a stem which Uriah had been watching all the years of its young growth. The old wanderer had a habit of nursing and training these young stems: he would bend a crooked branch, or tie up a likely curve, with some strands of hay.

When a shoot of ash or blackthorn or hazel was ready for cutting, Uriah would trim it out of the hedge with his great pocket-knife and cut away the twigs and the unwanted growth. Then he would sling the stick into the bundle of other half-finished, or completed, walking-sticks which he carried on top of his sack of worldly goods on his shoulder. When the weather was good, Uriah would halt awhile for several days by some brook near a barn or stack, and there work with his pocket-knife at making the walking sticks into good and true shapes. Other men who made sticks had to wait for months while the sap dried out of the freshly cut wood, but Uriah had learned a secret in this matter taught him by a gipsy. He would tie three or four "green" sticks into a bundle and wrap them around with green rushes, covering the whole with wet clay and leaving both ends open. This long pipe he would then heat on hot stones over a wood-fire for a day. In this process the sap from the wood was dried out, and escaped at either end of the open clay pipe. The clay itself became baked and hot, but the lining of rushes prevented the sticks inside from scorching. At the same time the sticks were straightened in the moist heat. When the process was finished, Uriah broke open the pipe and started work, carving the heads of the sticks.

His finished sticks were works of true rural art. At the bottom was a ferrule made from spent cartridge cases collected on wartime rifle ranges in the Welsh hills. The handles were fashioned into a variety of wonderful designs: fox-heads, otter-paws, antlers, and other more exotic designs from Uriah's own imagination. The whole stick he covered with a varnish made from the resins exuded by larch trees in Forestry Commission plantations. These lumps were collected off the trees by Uriah and mixed with methylated spirits. The result was a varnish of everlasting beauty.

IT was one day in September when Uriah was passing through the March country which borders England and Wales. It was a warm month, and about the fields the combine-harvesters were at work, and the first of the autumn ploughing was being done. The sun had that touch of September mellowness about it, and the first plums on the trees had a tinge of bloom. The hills of Wales were in a mist of blueness, and over Shropshire there were the white clouds of settled weather.

The road went between two villages the one in Wales and the other in England. It was rich on its banks with celandines and vetches, grasses and briars and blackberries. It was a way which Uriah loved, for it was here that forty years ago he had said goodbye to his parents. He had been twenty then, and they had told him to go on to the south while they turned to the north and left him. It was a true, natural way of doing things; like the birds and the beasts with their own young. Uriah had never seen his father and mother again.

He was singing as he walked along under the golden sun. There were six finished sticks on his back which he knew he could sell in the next village; two to the Rector, the rest to the village stores. And there were three roughly cut stems of ash there, too, and he knew a good spot to work by the side of a river five miles ahead.

And then, quite suddenly, Uriah saw a sort of truck coming towards him around the green bend of the road. It was on four, rubber-tyred wheels and was being pushed by a middle-

There was a sort of truck coming towards him around the green bend of the road, pushed by a middle-aged woman. On the truck Uriah could see there was a girl, a gay scarf about her neck

aged woman, her grey hair curiously stark against the bright greenery of the maple and thorn hedge. On the truck, Uriah could see that there was a girl, a gay scarf about her neck, although the sun was warm. Her body, from her waist down, was draped with blankets and rugs; and as he came nearer, Uriah saw the mouths of two hot water bottles at the edges of the covers.

For a moment, Uriah thought of disappearing over a convenient gate. He knew that sometimes children were frightened by his beard and his scarecrow-like clothes; this child was an invalid, perhaps a cripple being given the open air and a change of site by a loving mother.

But even as he hesitated, the child on the wheeled bed called :

"Oh look, Mummy, what a nice looking tramp."

Usually Uriah had a pert answer to any person who dared to call him a tramp. But this child was surely innocent of malice; her voice was like that of a fairy or an angel. It was sweet and plaintive, and it seemed to wise old Uriah that it was full of the colour of goodness.

He walked on until he was by the woman and the child and the bed, and then he answered :

"I'm glad you think I look nice, my dear."

The girl smiled up at him; Uriah noticed the whiteness of her teeth, the crisp colour of her eyes, the open-air complexion of her skin.

The mother spoke next :

"This is Morwenna, Mr. Tramp, we are taking her out for some air."

Uriah nodded, and answered :

"That's a full nice Welsh name, to be sure. My name's Uriah."

The girl smiled up again from the portable bed.

"That's a tinker's name, isn't it, Mr. Uriah?"

"That's right, Morwenna, but I'm not a tinker, really. I only make walking sticks."

The child clapped her hands gaily.

"Oh how wonderful. You're a real craftsman."

The mother by the handles of the wheeled bed spoke again :

"Our Morwenna is a craftsman, too. She can't get about much, and so she does leather work."

Morwenna blushed; Uriah was glad to see that she had all the shyness of health, and none of the inhibitions of illness.

"Oh," he said, "that's fine, to be sure. It is so good to work with one's hands, isn't it, Morwenna?"

The girl bent her head like a wise old woman, and then said : "We are the salt of the earth, you and me, Uriah. If more people made lovely things, what a happier place the world would be."

Uriah saw that long lying on her bed had made this girl wise, and almost too serious in her mind, for her years. The old wanderer gave a happy answer :

"Some have to make, and some have to dance——"

Yet even as he said it he knew that he had made a blunder. Tears flushed the eyes of the mother, and the voice of Morwenna lost some of its lilt as she answered, gravely :

"I have always wanted to dance, Mr. Uriah. I hope to, one day."

Uriah looked at the mother, fearful for the harm he had done. But the woman was speaking quickly through the cloud of her grief.

"Morwenna had an accident, Mr. Uriah, quite a long time ago. So it's like this, but we are terribly happy. Yet there is one thing that Morwenna wants to do, and that's——"

The girl laughed happily again, as if at herself, and said :

"And that's to be able to dance, even if it's only to hop up and down just like a sparrow in the same place."

The three of them smiled, and Uriah said : "I think sparrows are wonderful dancers."

Morwenna's mother leaned over the handles of the bed as if she was suddenly tired. And there was the story of years of labour and love in her voice as she stared up at Uriah, and said :

"We are hoping that quite soon now, Morwenna will be able to stand on crutches. And then she will be able to walk a bit and, who knows, then dance a bit. Even if it is only up and down, like the sparrows."

Morwenna carried on the (*Continued on page* 68)

a ROOM of THEIR OWN

They'll sleep the sounder, play and work more happily in rooms that fit their personality, give them scope to express themselves, space for treasured possessions, hobbies, playthings. . . . These rooms for children designed by *Britannia and Eve* are straightforward, yet individual in tone: use readily obtainable contemporary furniture, yet give the young occupants a chance to enlarge their own personalities in settings that are both truly original . . . and practical

For twin teenagers—or two nearly of an age —Kandya unit furniture makes a space-saving twin dressing table . . . two single dressing table units combine with a three-drawer chest, the latter supplied with top drawer divided if required. Stools from Woollands. For the baby, a hammock (top) from Harrods. For almost any toddler—the Vantona nursery rhyme counterpane (below right) at Derry & Toms, Robinson & Cleaver

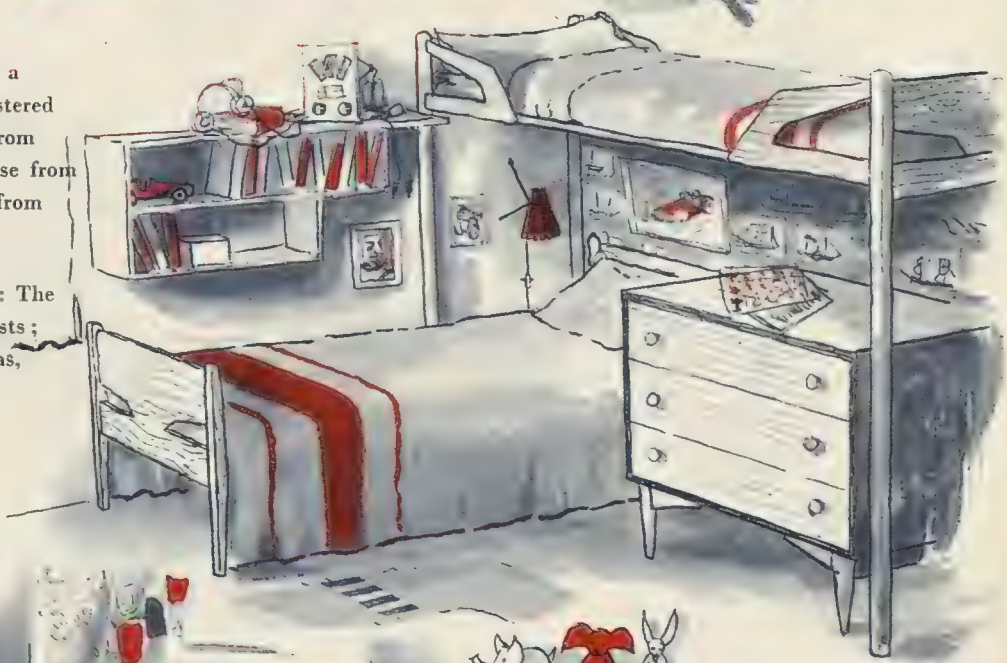
Illustrations by K. FLETCHER

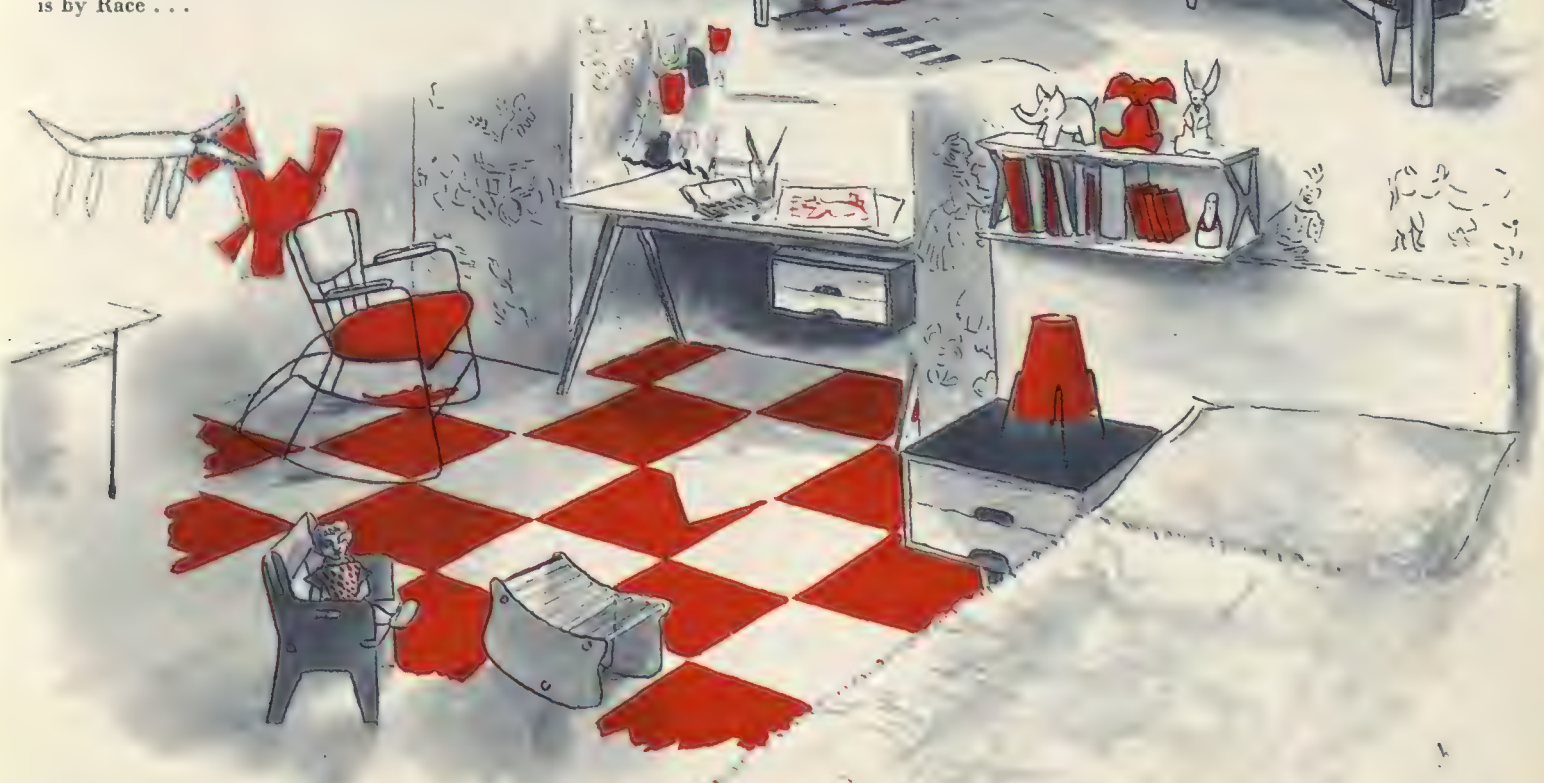
Hille furniture illustrated on these pages is obtainable from Harrods and Woollands, Kandya and Meredew from Peter Jones

For two boys where space precludes separate rooms "ladder" units by Meredew incorporate two desk units and cupboards. Floor "road system"—lino paint on plain lino. On the opposite page the rest of the room: Myers' bunks; Kandya's chest of drawers fits neatly underneath. Striped blankets from Harrods; "ships-in-bottles" wallpaper behind bunks by Sanderson

For the girl who can have a " room to herself," a cane bed from Heals and Hille's sumptuous upholstered armchair above. Super mohair rug and curtains from Harrods ; the wallpaper by Sandersons ; the vase from Peter Jones. White-painted chest-of-drawers—from any second-hand shop . . .

Below, a room to express her- (or him-) self in : The walls in washable white paint for embryo artists ; bedhead with built-in drawer fitment by Hille, as, too, the trestle desk in window recess. From Harrods : baby chair in foreground—made to take to pieces and reassemble—and dual-purpose chair which is equally at home as a " rocking " stool. The new-style rocking-chair is by Race . . .





Pink is

Crimson grosgrain dress, *left*, the bodice cut with geometrical precision, like those worn by Holbein's young Tudors; the springing skirt stiff as a rich brocade. By Atrima, £16 19s. 6d. at Dickins and Jones (Young London Dept.); Ella Stuart, Edinburgh

Pomegranate pink and black—fashion's latest mix—in the soft, flecked tweed used for this classic yet individual town suit, *above, left*. The same tweed in a bolder weave (as if seen through a magnifying glass) is used for the straight complementary coat, not shown here. Both suit and coat have a rounded double collar. By Miss Peach, the coat at Harrods; the suit 21 gns. at Browns, Chester; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Jeanette, Wolverhampton

The Pivot

Strawberry pink for a short, luxurious velvet housegown, *above*, practical enough to breakfast in, easy-going enough to laze in, grand enough to receive guests in. A tonic change at the end of the day. By Nettie Vogues

Pillar-box red for a graceful long coat, *above*, *right*; soft-shouldered, with important sleeve seams, erect collar, vertical back, pleated front fullness clasped by one large hogskin button. Also comes in emerald and black. By Hershelle, 16 gns. at Bourne and Hollingsworth, Oxford Street

Despite the boost in some quarters, blue remains a difficult colour to wear: either very becoming, or extremely unflattering—no half-measures. If you are inclined to be sallow, leave it alone; but if you have a golden skin, or peaches-and-cream, it would be a sin not to enter into your kingdom of blue. Dragonfly blue cosy coat, *left*, in wool and mohair, deep-piled and with a silvery sheen, superbly designed with softly curving collar, easy shoulders, positive cuffs, and flowing, rippling lines like a fur coat. Would blend impeccably into any occasion from travelling to theatre-going. Also in winter white, moss green and bronze. By Aquascutum, 25 gns. from their shops in London, Liverpool, Manchester.

Royal blue short housecoat, *above*, in corduroy—inviting, but tough: full skirt with scalloped hem, rounded pockets, all piped with white, alternatively—black. Also made in reds, greens, brown, grey or black. By Estrava, 5½ gns. at Bourne and Hollingsworth; Joshua Taylor, Cambridge

If Blue is your Colour

Nightfall blue suit, *left*, fashion-conscious in every detail—high bust, emphasized hips—the new contour from October '54. You may choose it in blue barathea, or in zibeline, grey and black. By Koupy Models: in barathea, 24 gns., in zibeline, 28 gns., at Simpsons; June Mackay, Birmingham.

Sea-spray blue and white combine in a light, bright tweed dress *above*: the cleverly stitched bodice releases a whirling skirt of unpressed pleats. By Vogel, 14 gns., at Dickins & Jones; Marshall & Snelgrove; Finnigans, Manchester

For casual occasions without

Shirts and

Sweaters

Scarf sweater, *right*, with slotted neckline to keep the tie in place—decoratively. Delta sleeved, smoothly knitted, with heavy rib at wrists and waist. In many colours, including acid yellow, shocking pink and London tan. By Dorville, £3 8s. at Adrienne, Marylebone High St., : Heelas, Reading

Sailor blue button-up sweater, *opposite page*, edged with white : note the front panel of cross-ribbing, curving into a collar, and giving the authentic spick-and-span air of the Navy. By Toplet, £3 7s. 6d. from main stores throughout England

Flame shirt, *opposite, left*, in Perlacord, a new French material like microscopic corduroy. Plainly styled with mandarin collar and buttoned three-quarter sleeves, to show off the brilliant colours—cyclamen, sherry, electric blue, emerald, ivory and heliotrope among them. By London Pride, £3 19s. 6d. at Simpsons ; Browns, Chester ; Marshall & Snelgrove, Sheffield

Dainty broderie blouse, *above*, has Danton collar and figure-flattering triangular cut, which broadens shoulders, whittles waist : the " frame " is of crisp rayon piqué. By Peter French, £2 7s. 6d. at Sterlings, 89, Oxford St. ; Spooners, Plymouth

Husky fingertip jacket, *right*, the very best of its kind : pure Scotch wool in a zigzag rib which will not drop ; swaggering and shapely, but not sloppy. In a delicious biscuit colour, by Munrospun, £9 from Hunt & Winterbotham, 4, Old Bond St.

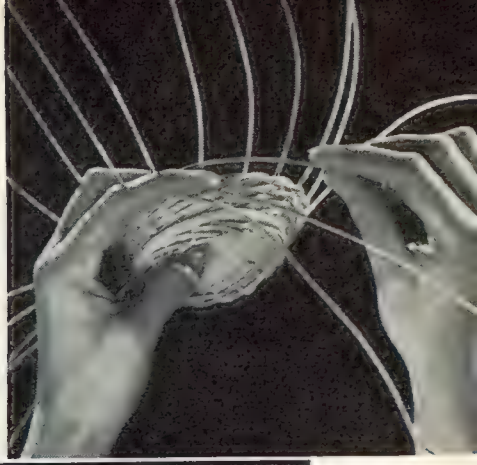
Illustrations by OPPENHEIM

Wickerwork . . .

. . . Four versions, one weave

Learning to weave with cane is simple and fascinating. A hanging basket for plants (top left) costs a few shillings to make. The weaving process for the lightweight cone shopping or needlework basket (top right) is the same and by simply up-ending the process you can achieve the 'coolie' lampshade at the foot of the page. The shallow oval fruit basket in the centre of the picture is, again, woven on the same principle. The methods of handling and shaping are given in the article on the facing page

Devise your own variations on the wicker-work theme, following the basic principles described here by ALICE MASON



WEAVING in cane is one of those fascinating handicrafts in which the object under construction can be moulded to almost any shape desired simply by the pressure of the hands. The cane becomes quite pliable after it has been soaked for ten minutes and then left under a damp cloth for about a quarter of an hour. The weaver must, of course, keep a close watch on the shape as it grows during the weaving, but that is part of the fascination.

The chief difficulty lies in starting, but there is never any need to get in a flap, because at any stage the work may be put back to soak. You will then find that you can wheedle it into shape again. It is astonishing how soon one acquires the knack, which is simply a question of holding a few canes with the left hand while weaving with the right.

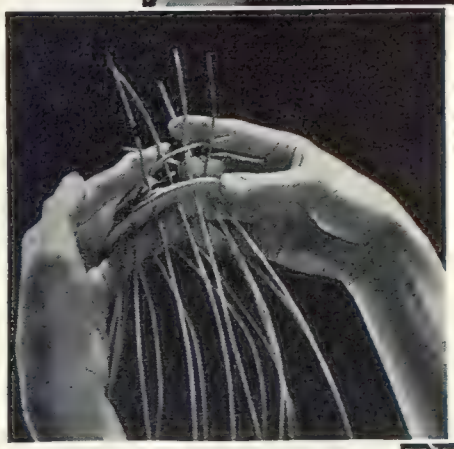
The basic principle is well known to anybody who has ever looked at an ordinary shopping basket. It consists of a number of thick canes or stakes in an upright or radiating position and a thinner cane woven round them. Joining the canes is very simple. The end of the used cane is left behind the next stake and the new end of the fresh cane placed on top of it. The ends can then be tucked into the back of the work when it is finished.

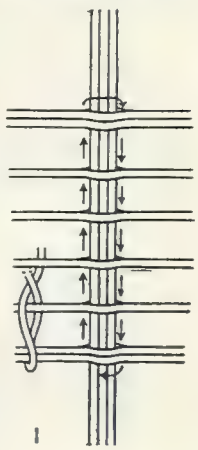
As a simple beginning, get ½ lb. of No. 2 cane for the "weave" and a small bundle of No. 6 for the "stakes." Plywood bases of any size or shape are also to be bought with the holes already drilled for the stakes. The plywood base as used for the hanging basket shown would be best for a beginning, as it does away with the need for the slitting and tying of the stakes. It also involves the use of all the things you need to know, and you will gain confidence by the time it is finished.

Cut the requisite number of stakes about 8 in. longer than the height required. This leaves 4 in. top and bottom for fixing and finishing. Insert the stakes in the holes and pull them through for about 4 in. Then turn the base upside down and, working from left to right, take any stake and bend it behind one, in front of two and behind the next. The next stake on the right is then bent in the same way—behind one, in front of two and behind the next. This is continued right round until the point is reached where there are no projecting stakes over which to bend the remaining stakes. This means that you will have to prise up those stakes already bent to allow the remaining few to be pushed through in the same manner—behind one, etc.

The work is then turned over and the ends of three weaving canes layed (*Continued on page* 80)

When using a plywood base, start by pushing the stakes through the punched holes for 4 in., then with the base uppermost (right) make a fixing edge by bending the stakes one at a time to the right, behind one, in front of two and behind the fourth to hold firm. Above right, shows the completed base and method of holding the canes for the over two, under one weave





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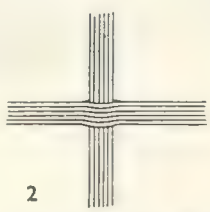
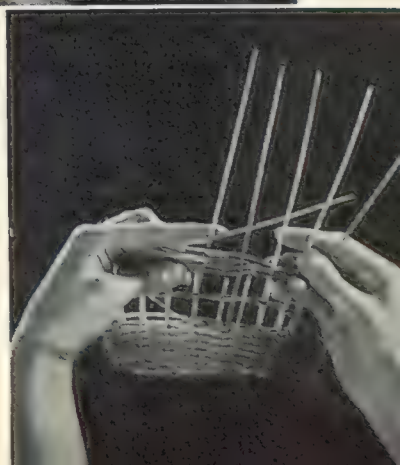


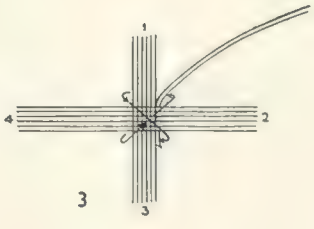
2

To begin the oval basket, five stakes are threaded through splits in seven or eight others arranged as in Diagram 1. A weaving cane 2 yards long is bent and looped over a double stake and woven, double, in the direction of the arrows. The double stakes are parted as weaving progresses, and extra stakes added to the short sides (photograph right) to give even spacing

The coolie lampshade is shaped over the knee (right), the cane being made pliable by soaking. To produce a firm finishing rim, the stakes are woven together (below right) in a fixing edge weave of behind one in front of two, behind one



To begin the coolie lampshade, five stakes are threaded through ¾-in. slits in five others (diagram 2). The first weaving cane is held at the centre (diagram 3), then passed diagonally across the back and out between 3 and 4, up between 1 and 2, behind 1, across front and under between 2 and 3, then behind 3. Then begin the actual weaving, using a single cane weave



How could she pack up her own happiness, wave goodbye and just walk out on him?

PENELOPE BLAINE had barely met the young American newspaperman when he asked her first name. "Mine's Mike," he added. "Though the by-line says Michael."

She smiled. "If I had a by-line it would say Penelope."

"And I bet you're never called anything but Penny!"

"Yes, I am. My brother has the idea he likes me twice as much as anyone else does, so——"

"He calls you Two Pennies?"

"Yes, but in Australia we say Tuppence."

"Sure. On the same theory, may I call you Fourpence?"

"No!" she laughed. "Piling up profits like that!"

He laughed, too, and Penny liked the way he did it. She liked everything about this Michael Breckinridge who was passing through Sydney on his way home to New York after writing an advance series on the Olympic Games.

"I'm looking forward to reading your articles," she said. "Was it hard work getting the material?"

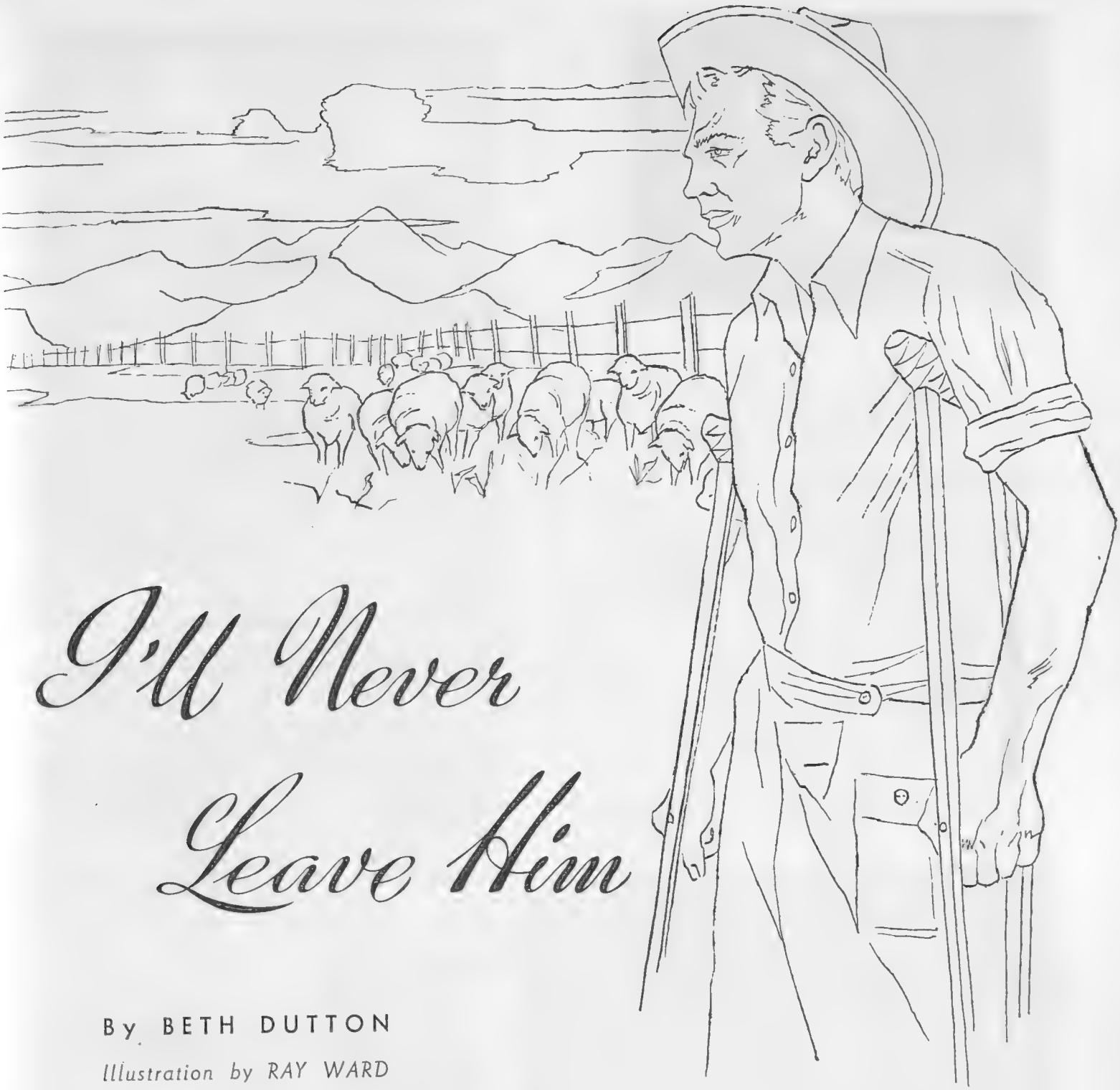
"Not too hard. I had a good time. I always do." He looked appreciatively at her, then around the drawing-room. "Nice," he said. "Flowers everywhere. And just a few people, so there's a chance to really talk."

"Which is unusual in Aunt Gwen's house! She generally has a mob in at this hour. If you like flowers, you should see her garden."

"All right." He stood up with that swiftness which was the first thing Penny had noticed about him.

They stepped through the french windows into air that was sweet with the scent of frangipani blossoms. "Spring's so lovely!" she said.

"Spring in October! I can't get used to it. Just look at all these flowers! In my part of the world, people with gardens are sweeping up leaves now."



I'll Never Leave Him

By BETH DUTTON

Illustration by RAY WARD

He started to tell her more about it as they walked across the lawn, then the view broke upon them through the trees and he stopped abruptly.

From where they stood at the tip of Darling Point, the harbour stretched away into the glow of the sun setting behind the great steel bridge in the distance. Here and there, fingers of water dug into the land, and around these bays red roofs showed among the green foliage. Far-off, the parapets of Government House were silhouetted against the rose-coloured sky, while the ferryboats gliding busily about took on the same opalescent glint that the soft light threw over the naval vessels riding at anchor off Farm Cove.

"My gosh!" Mike said.

"Thank you! We're rather proud of our harbour."

The American smiled at the understatement, then sobered. "You know, Penny, I was flying back to the States right away, but I have a week's holiday coming to me and I could stay on for a while—if you'd let me see you again."

"I'm going home tomorrow. I'm sorry."

"You don't live in Sydney?"

"No. On a sheep station. My brother runs the place."

"The one who calls you Tuppence?"

"I have only one. He's my half-brother. Twenty years older than I am."

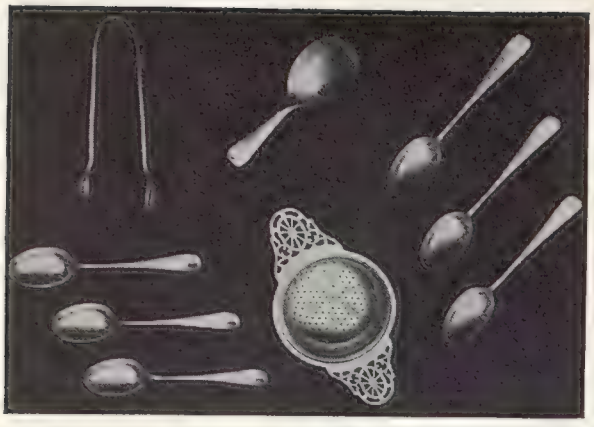
"I take it you like him a lot."

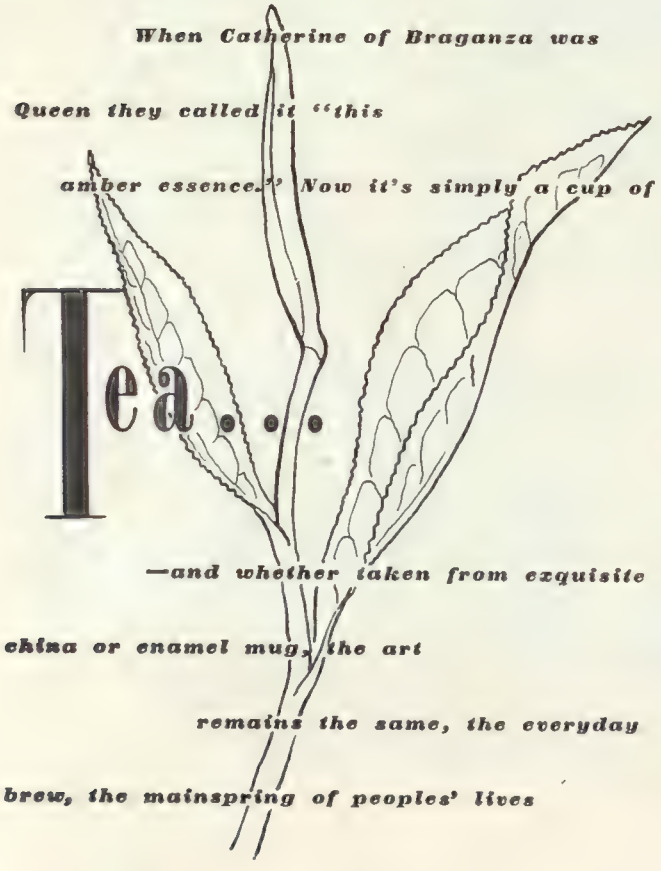
Penny nodded.

"Hey!" Mike stared at her. "What a guy he must be! Having a sister go luminous over him."

"There's absolutely no one like Bruce. Perhaps we'd better go back now. That heliotrope seems to be the last of the sunset."

They started walking towards the (*Continued on page 73*)




When Catherine of Braganza was
Queen they called it "this
amber essence." Now it's simply a cup of
Tea...
—and whether taken from exquisite
china or enamel mug, the art
remains the same, the everyday
brew, the mainspring of peoples' lives

By MARY DELANE

Tea appointments in the colour photograph by Deighton Wilkes are from a Royal Worcester porcelain tea set on the second shelf, Wedgwood on the fourth. The antique china teapot and cup on the third shelf from Harrods, also the teaspoons and sugar tongs above, the silver tea kettle from Garrard's. Other pieces are from the Tea Centre, Regent Street, on display shelving from Heals. Sanderson's wallpapers.

IF you were to think that a "Tea Blender" is a gentleman in a white coat taking leaves out of one tea chest and adding them to another to achieve a pungent flavour you would be right, but tea blending was not always such a practical, nor yet perhaps such a respectable occupation.

In the roaring eighteenth century gentlemen of fashion made an occasion of their evening tea drinking. Such an occasion indeed, that they employed young women of outstanding charms to preside over the making of the evening brew. Whether or not their ministrations were confined to the service of tea is not related in history books, but the title of "Tea Blender" is thought then to have had a flexible interpretation.

It is little more than 300 years since tea was first brought to Europe from China, yet since then it has assumed a history of its own.

Story tellers and poets have written of it; Samuel Pepys mentions it. Famous artists have painted people at the tea table and designed beautiful utensils in which to serve it. Smugglers have died because of it. John Wesley condemned it loudly on moral grounds (though he left behind a well-used half-gallon teapot that is still in existence!) And Dr. Johnson, in his turn, fiercely defended "the pleasant and stimulating beverage."

All this and more in 300 years, yet the origins of tea as a drink are lost in antiquity. Chinese records mention tea as far back as 2737 B.C., and there is also a Chinese tradition that the virtues of tea were discovered by a philosopher Bodhidhagma who had vowed to contemplate the virtues of Buddha for nine years without sleeping. At the end of three years he slept and in anger cut off his eyelids. After a further five years he again felt drowsy, and plucking some leaves from a nearby bush found them so stimulating that he was enabled to complete the nine years.

The shrub was an evergreen plant of the camellia family: its name "Cha," from which is derived the cockney "char," doubtless from the sailors who came to London with the precious cargoes from the East. It was from Portugal that Catherine of Braganza come as Charles II's queen, and it was she who introduced it to the English Court.

It was first brought here in 1657 by Thomas Garroway, proprietor of a London coffee house. The price was £2. 18s. 4d. a lb., which, remembering the difference in the value of money then and now was a remarkable price.

Every chest of tea arriving in Britain carries to the expert eye the history of its contents in the hieroglyphics and numbers stamped on the outside. From the markings the tea merchant will know from which country it comes; from which garden; when the tea was picked, and, if necessary, even the name of the pickers can be traced. "Budia Beta" from Assam, "Pussimbing" from Darjeeling and "Doombagastalawa" are found alongside Scottish names also used in the famous Darjeeling gardens.

(*Continued on page* 80)

Two months to Prepare

Long evenings serve for making Christmas gifts. URSULA BLOOM describes some amusing and practical ones of her own design

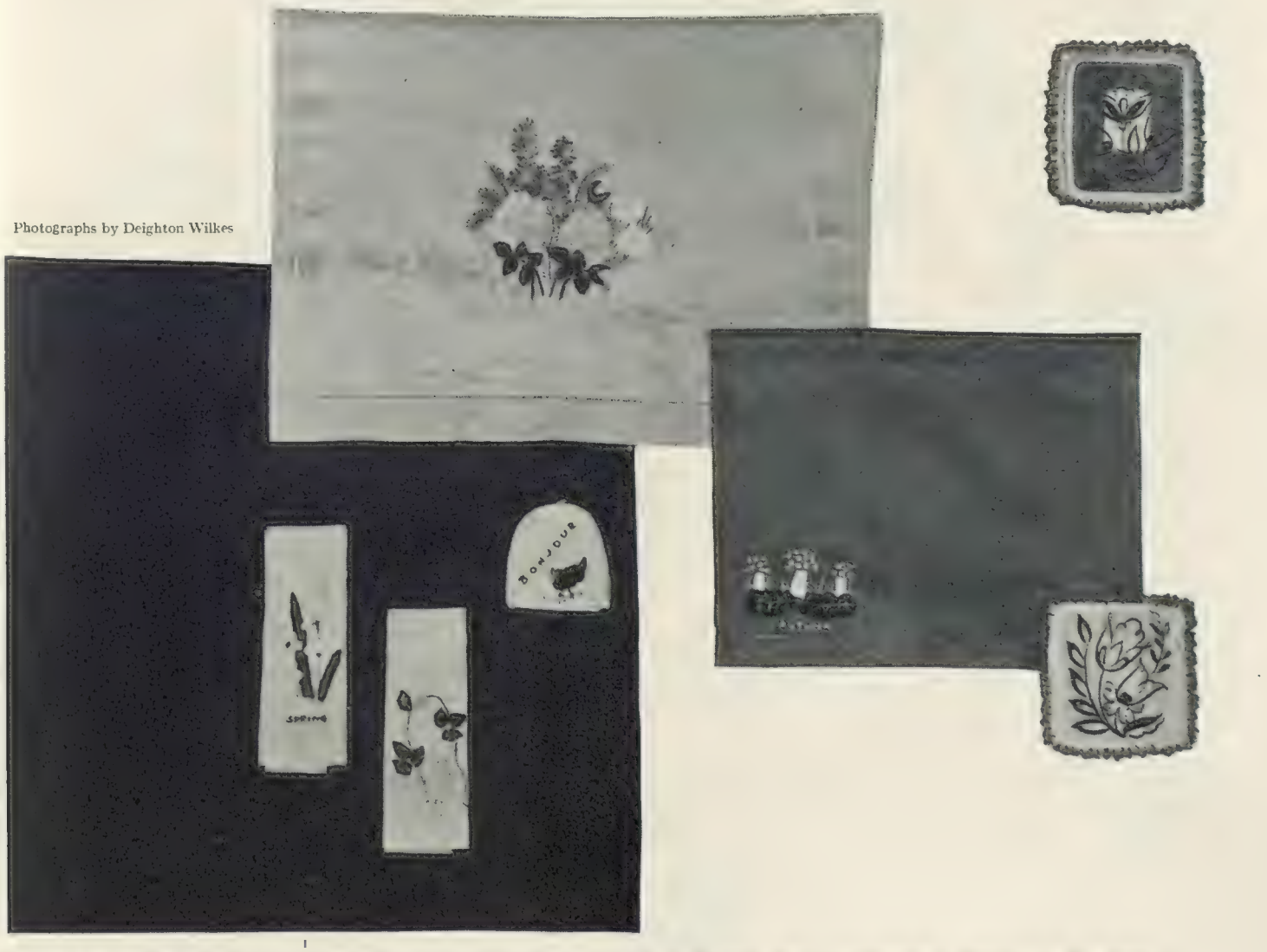
A PIECE of home-made needlework of self design makes the most fascinating Christmas gift. It is a joy to work, and delightful to receive. Although the kettle-holder and the pincushion have done their best to kill the art, for those prepared to let their imagination play, the long autumn evenings offer the time to prepare for the great festival this way. I myself find that embroidery gives a relaxation to modern life, and is a lovely release from the cares of the day. It is satisfying. It is helpful. And, when Christmas comes, oh, what a save of money!

I plan my Christmas list in October. My gifts have an eye on friends' linen cupboards, and I find that felt appliqué opens up a vigorous new field in design. It washes well, if treated kindly, looks novel, and can make any table or bathroom gay. Anyone can do it, for flower, fish or animal is cut out and arranged as to a personal plan. Once pinned into place, they are hemmed with self-colour, then embroidered coarsely, using shaded stranded cottons.

These felt figures are colourful, and gain a certain liveliness of movement which is most fascinating. My white zebras frolicking on a scarlet bath towel put vigour into any bathroom. The somnolent looking felt angel fish swims through green felt weeds on a vividly blue towel. On the black one I selected crustacea from the shore; a crimson starfish, a mauve shell, a pale pink sea anemone.

The work is fool-proof, because once the figure is cut out you can try it in (*Continued on page* 82)

Photographs by Deighton Wilkes



Motifs for the gifts on this and the facing page are composed of felt and simple embroidery stitches for the detail

Freedom

A common loneliness in the wilderness of a city had drawn them

BRIDIE sat in the armchair, not quite relaxed. She was regarding her well-shod feet, a sure sign that she was about to say something barbed. Ursula knew the signs. She had worked with Bridie in days gone by and had grown to value her friendship in spite of Bridie's forthrightness.

So she took Steve's suit from the back of a chair and began to press it, steeling herself for what might come. She knew that Bridie's sharp eyes would notice each threadbare patch and felt a small hurt inside her that Steve's poverty should be laid bare to Bridie, to anyone except herself.

"I ran into Gerald the other night," said Bridie, still looking at her feet. "He appears to be riding on the crest of the wave."

Ursula stared hard at the crease in Steve's trousers without seeing it. In her imagination she was back in the attic flat with Gerald, listening to him play his guitar. He used to play to her whenever she was unhappy or worried, long fingers plucking out intricate melodies that could conjure up the sunlit shores of exotic lands, carrying her away, momentarily, from the struggles and skimpings. But after a while it wasn't any good. The spell was broken. All she could see was the grey vista of city chimneys and the futility of the whole set-up. Gerald had stopped playing on a discordant note. "Goodbye darling," he'd said then. "I never have been much good to you."

QUIETLY Bridie plucked her back to the present. "Gerald introduced me to his new wife. Quiet little thing without a word to say for herself. Wearing a Worth creation that you could have carried off ten times better."

By one of those nasty little twists of fate Ursula looked up and saw herself in the mirror of the wardrobe, housecoat semi-buttoned, hair a sight. Then she met Bridie's eyes.

"I always knew Gerald would make it, eventually," she said.

Bridie's voice rose a note.

"After all the spadework you put in while you were married to him it seems utterly unfair that you shouldn't be sharing in the honours now. That you have to go on living like this—" and her grey eyes wandered round the confines of the bed-sitting-room.

Ursula was listening for the sound of a key in the front door of the house, two floors below. Her own door was ajar so that she might hear the moment Steve came in. On the gas-ring the stew was bubbling and threatening to burn. Bridie had chosen the most awkward moment for her visit. Steve would come in ravenous.

"How's this young man of yours making out?" Bridie asked then.

Immediately Ursula's face lit up.

"It's a dead secret, but tomorrow he's going to see Imay—*the* Imay of Linklater and Imay, about his carburettor thing, the one he's been working on all these months."

Bridie's mousey eyebrows lifted towards her widow's peak.

"Hence the trouser pressing act. Would you, by any chance, have fixed that interview for the boy?"

Ursula coloured up.

"Actually I did meet a man who works in the drawing office at Imay's——"

"And then you arranged for Steve and him to lunch together, and perhaps you even provided the wherewithal for the lunching! Oh—Ursula you don't change. Why for heaven's sake can't you put some of that energy and drive into doing something for yourself?"

Ursula put the iron down with a thump.

"I happen to believe in Steve," she said. "When he gets on his feet it'll all work out. It would be a pretty poor thing if I just let him flounder along on his own and took up with him only when he'd hit the jackpot. We've had a hard eighteen months of it——"

"I know, I know." Bridie got to her feet and dusted down her immaculate black gaberdine, adjusting her fashionable scarlet bowler. Then she put both gloved hands on Ursula's shoulders and shook her lightly, affectionately, as if she were a wayward child. She was much taller than Ursula who was only just over five foot and far too thin.

"You had a hard time of it with Gerald while he was writing his first book," she reminded Ursula needlessly. "Then what happened? When the good times came he'd run away and left you for a quiet little mouse of a girl—someone he would impress, not someone who'd known all about the holes in his socks and the skimped meals and the worry over finding the rent. And you didn't claim a penny from him. No—don't get angry with me yet. I haven't come just to pull your life backwards with useless words. Tell me, how do you like your present job?"

"It's a stop-gap," Ursula said, frowning. "I'm hanging on until Steve's settled and then I can pack it in and relax."

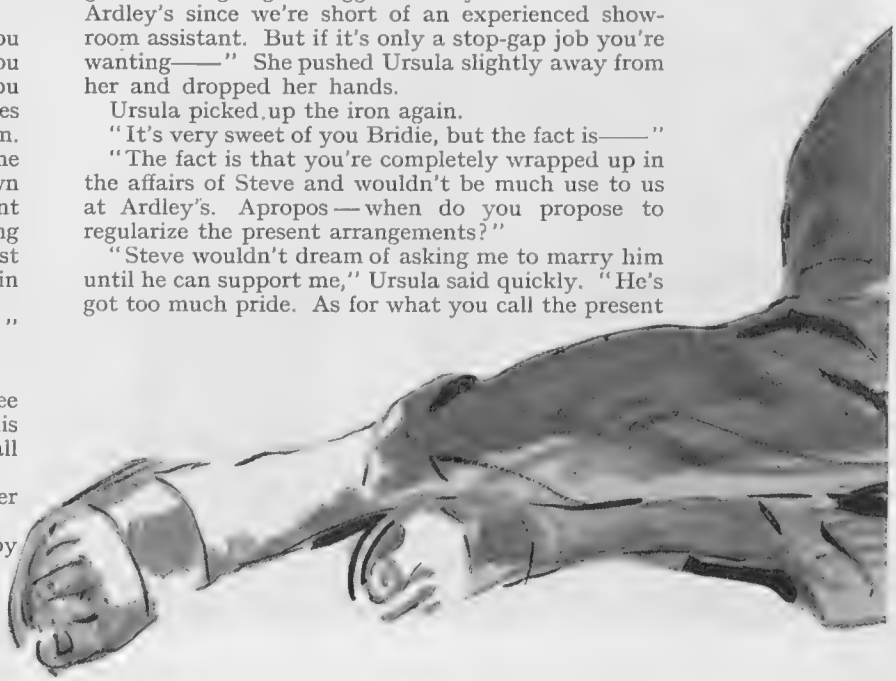
"Meanwhile, you're putting as little into it as you put into working at Ardley's while you were married to Gerald. That's foolishly short-sighted of you, my girl. I was going to suggest that you come back to Ardley's since we're short of an experienced showroom assistant. But if it's only a stop-gap job you're wanting——" She pushed Ursula slightly away from her and dropped her hands.

Ursula picked up the iron again.

"It's very sweet of you Bridie, but the fact is——"

"The fact is that you're completely wrapped up in the affairs of Steve and wouldn't be much use to us at Ardley's. Apropos — when do you propose to regularize the present arrangements?"

"Steve wouldn't dream of asking me to marry him until he can support me," Ursula said quickly. "He's got too much pride. As for what you call the present



is a Snare

together, but now, with bitterness a spur, she would be on her guard

By

ELIZABETH WOOLF

Illustrations by

SAWYER

Once, Gerald played to her whenever she was unhappy or worried, long fingers plucking out melodies that conjured up sunlit shores. . . .

arrangements—we happen to occupy rooms in the same very respectable house. And that's all there is to it."

"So you get nothing out of it at all," Bridie said, "not even a lover. Faint heart never won fair lady—or something to the point——"

THERE was the sound, two floors down, of a key being inserted at the front door. Ursula's nerves jumped and her heart did a queer somersault. There was so much to do, all at once. The ironing board must be put away, the suit returned to Steve's room, the table laid. And Bridie stood there unhurried, unaware of the panic in Ursula's mind.

She couldn't stay to supper. There wasn't enough.

"I'm on my way," Bridie reassured her, though remaining very firmly planted. "I'm dining with Nancy Mason at a new place she raves about. She's to write it up for her paper. Oh—good evening."

This last as Steve pushed open the door and almost collided with her. It was an unfortunate encounter for Steve was taken by surprise and didn't like Bridie anyway.

"Good evening," he said, and stood so that she could not pass him. His fairish hair was too long, Ursula noticed. She'd have to get him up and out early the following morning so that he could get it cut before his interview at Imay's.

"Well, I'm off," Bridie said, directly to Ursula. "Remember what I said, and do look after yourself."

There was a slight emphasis on the last word that was not lost on Steve.

Bridie clattered down the stairs leaving a hint of Chanel Cuir de Russie that warred with the aroma of the bubbling stew.

Steve raised his eyebrows.

"Just a surprise visit?"

"She came to offer me my old job back at Ardley's."

Steve pursed his lips and nodded.

"You're taking it, of course."

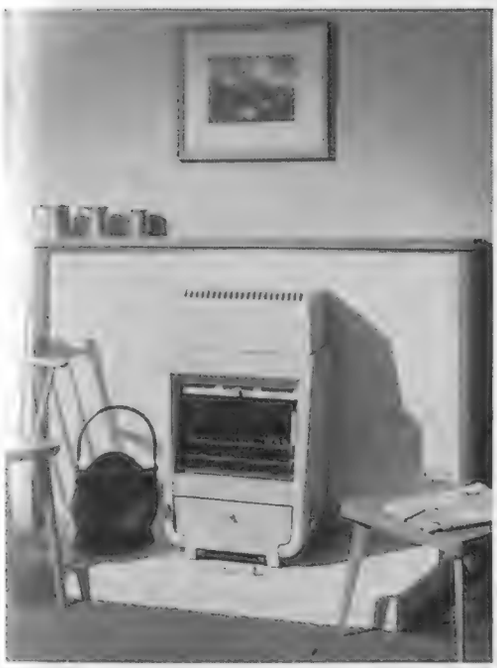
"But Steve, how can I? In all fairness to them and myself and you—I just couldn't (*Continued on page 76*)

"Remember what I said, and do look after yourself," Bridie said, and there was an emphasis on the last word not lost on Steve

Comfort, Simplicity *and* Economy . . .

1

IN a few years, solid fuel stoves have undergone a revolution. Our open fires once earned the English home its reputation for draughty discomfort. Now these smoky fuel wasters are being steadily overtaken by new appliances which give more heat for the fuel consumed with far less trouble in the handling. New, scientifically designed controls, are virtually automatic. Maintenance is reduced to supplying fuel and clearing away ash at infrequent intervals, and even that is often done with touch lever simplicity. Here are some of the recent examples now offered, each designed to do a different heating job in the home.



2

1. The Moray is a continuous all-night burning fire which will blend in with a traditional décor. Fuel consumption is low, using as little as 1 cwt. of fuel a week for the smaller size. Price £4. 15s. to £6. 6s.

2. The Otto, introduced last year, with a special sliding door which can be opened to give a spacious view of the flames, is the answer to critics of the continuous burning stove who long for the sight of a cheery fire. This new version, the Otto 45, incorporates a back boiler which will provide hot water for all normal domestic needs or alternatively, background radiator heating. Price £24. 4s.

3. The Parkray No. 1 fire is designed on a new principle of convection heating, radiating into the room four fifths of the heated air normally lost up the chimney. A built-in poker gives rapid kindling and a detachable plate converts it to all-night burning if required. The Parkray No. 2, similar in appearance, is fitted with a back boiler. Prices are from £8 for the No. 1, and £15. 15s. for the No. 2 model.

4. Latest addition to the range of Ideal boilers, the No. 1 Autocrat, is suitable for the household with heavy demands for hot water, or where hot water requirements are moderate, to heat a radiator or towel rail in addition. A thermostat control regulates the temperature and maintenance is reduced to stoking twice and emptying the ashbox once a day. Price £23.

5. Cooking, hot water and incidental space heating facilities in the kitchen are all combined in the Wellstood cooker. Temperatures are controlled by regulators on the ashpit door. This is a cooker for a family of six, and provides hot water for all domestic needs and two to three baths a day. Price £56. 8s. inclusive.

3

6. With the new Agamatic, insulation keeps the heat inside the boiler with consequent economies in fuel consumption and thermostatic control maintains the water at the required temperature. The new Agamatic, price £29, provides hot water for up to two baths every hour, and heats the towel rail in the bathroom besides.

7. The Cromford combined cooker and water heater has a simple spin valve regulator to give accurate control of hotplate and oven heat. Water heating goes on independently of cooking operations. Price £40. 16s. exclusive of extra fittings.

8. The Rayburn boiler is the appliance for any household which requires radiators as well as domestic hot water. Thermostatic control regulates the temperature of the water at the set of a dial and maintenance chores are reduced to a minimum with pedal operated ashpit door and ash screened riddling. Price £33.

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MEN, WOMEN *and* CARS

By BRIAN FREESTONE

SINCE the first woman donned veil, gauntlets, dustcoat and an anxious expression and stepped into the juggernaut panting in the drive, men and women have not seen eye to eye about cars.

For some the explanation is simple—the car is a mechanical contrivance, *verb. sap.* Others seek for more obscure and even sinister reasons, delving Freud-like into the misty past of man's association with woman. Yet others say quite bluntly "a woman's place is in the home and not influencing me in the purchase of a conveyance which is anyway costing me about ten times what I can afford. . . ."

Be these conjectures as they may, the fact remains that man continues to speak of "my wife" and "my car" while admitting a slightly less possessive outlook towards "our home," "our children" and "our friends." Since on the other hand, the most hide-bound are coming to recognize that woman's hand in the choice of a new car is, if not overt, at least strongly influential, it is inevitable that certain conflicts of opinion should appear. Man does not yet say, "My wife chose it"; he merely says, "My wife likes green" and the inference is plain that if he had been left alone they would all have been more satisfied.

So, since to put it bluntly, men and women do often quarrel over the choice of a car, perhaps before the Motor Show opens this month it might be a good plan to make a few mental notes about our respective points of difference.

Fundamentally, of course, they are both realists—but in different ways. He is mechanical and sees the car of his dreams in terms of the perfect chassis, engine, steering, brakes, visibility. She accepts all that part of the picture—in fact would rather forget its existence. She simply asks for a fleet, comfortable conveyance which attracts her eye like a quality garment.

So, with these opposing points of view in mind, let us see what the 1954 Motor Show is likely to offer . . . to *him* . . . and to *her*. . . .

Once a year—in October—a high proportion of the male element of our household may be expected to become abstracted in its behaviour and suddenly and alarmingly technical in its talk. Brake horsepower and torque appear at breakfast, hard tops and automatic transmissions at lunch and acceleration "from nought to fifty" at dinner, while oversteer and understeer are habitual companions of our fireside ease. It is all leading up to the annual Motor Show and, as we all know, the "master's" choice is final, yet he and the makers of motor cars are being increasingly influenced by the things WE like, what can we expect to find this year—for HIM and for US?

He Will Like . . .

HE, whatever his years and professed common sense, will make a bee-line for the more expensive "marques" before he can be dragged along to the more prosaic "family-car" stands. So, undoubtedly, he will spend a long time examining the supreme examples of British motoring skill, the Rolls-Royce and Bentley, and complain that, as last year, "they're keeping the doors locked. . . ."

Having got "his first wind" as it were with glances at some of the fabulous creations of the famous coachbuilders, and long loving looks at the Bristol 404 coupe (about £3,500 with purchase tax), Lagonda (like the Duke of Edinburgh's), Aston Martin and Frazer Nash—he will get down to serious business.

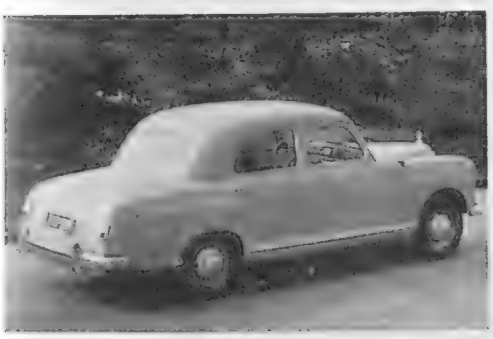
He will point to the increasing Italian influence in coachwork with its aim of reducing drag and weight. . . . He will say "of course gear-changing is the thing," but will display a lot of interest in the latest automatic transmissions —as for instance on Rolls and Bentley, some Jaguars, and practically all the American cars, and the electrically-operated preselector offered as alternative on the Armstrong Siddeley—but will point out that the British makes are wise to keep to manual gearboxes, as automatic transmissions require bigger engine powers which mean higher petrol consumption. Overdrives will interest him too—from the optional extra on such cars as Austin-Healey and Triumph to the fitments standard on the Citroen 2 CV, Renault and the Jensen Interceptor. . . . (*Continued on page* 80)

She Will Like . . .

SHE, whatever her predilections and no matter how common sense her outlook, will undoubtedly spend a long time examining the Bentley Continental and Rolls, and complain that, as last year "the price is out of this world. . . ."

Having got "her first wind" as it were, she will look round for her colour choice. . . . It was Henry Ford who quipped : "We offer you Fords in any colour you like, providing it is black. . . ." But that was years ago and now the importance of colour is firmly recognized in America, slowly reaching that stage here. . . . So . . . she is liable to spend an unconscionable time on such stands as Studebaker where interiors harmonize with exteriors in many standard combinations designed by a colour expert. She will turn from plaited vinyl upholstery in golden tan with a sigh . . . but may find solace on the Standard exhibit, where choice of colour is influenced by a survey of public demand. Ford, too, who now give colour number-one emphasis, may make her pause with Winchester Blue and Dorchester Grey—but where are the seductive American shade-tones, where the raven black, cameo coral, cadet blue? They will all be at Earls Court, of course—in fact, it's a more colour-conscious year than ever—but the English names sometimes lack the Transatlantic appeal. . . .

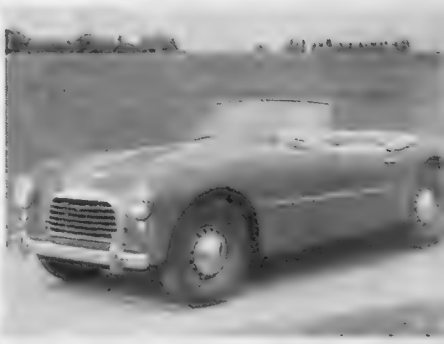
Still, she knows *her* influence in car buying is more than ever recognized. *Her* colours will be there, and other things to notice, too. . . . She will approve the sleeker, smoother body lines, the all-round tendency to make cars easier to drive, easier to manoeuvre. Being technical (*Continued on page* 80)



Left : Mercedes. Medium-size luxury car with economy performance — Mercedes saloon with diesel engine. High initial price, but cheaper-than-petrol running costs. Right: Vauxhall Wyvern. Favourite family car with a fleet turn of speed is the Wyvern saloon priced at around £700. Below, left : Morris-Cowley. A famous name returns in the Morris range. The Cowley offers a similar accommodation to its brother Oxford but has a smaller engine. Women like the hydraulically operated clutch. Price about £700.

Right: Ford Prefect. One of the few cars selling today at under £600—the Ford Prefect is equally at home fast touring or pottering around the shops.

Left: Triumph TR2. A sports car with looks that appeal to women and performance the enthusiast appreciates, the Triumph TR2 has quickly made a name for itself as a low-priced 100 m.p.h. car at just over £880. Right: Swallow Doretti. Over 100 m.p.h. comes from smooth, sleek Swallow Doretti, product of the Swallow Coachbuilding Company (1935) Ltd., and powered by the Vanguard 2-litre engine.

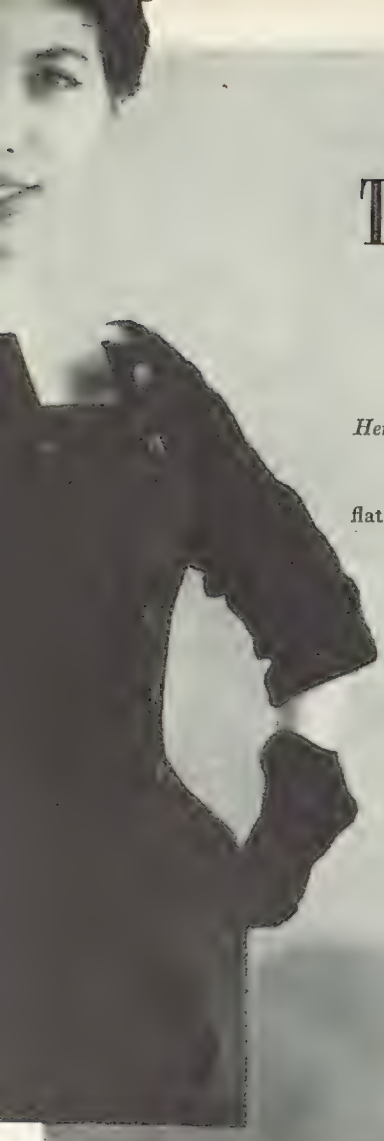


They say in Paris...

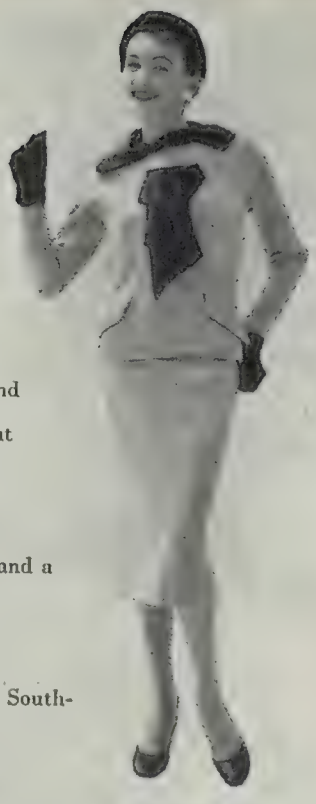
Hemlines. There are no shocks in this department; keep your hems at last season's becoming midcalf level. *Silhouette.* For daytime, let it be narrow, sleek and flattened over the bust with the rigid line sliding smoothly over the hips to a straight skirt. Fullness when it occurs must spring from below the hipline.

They say: *Topcoats* retain the bulky look of past years but let width be contrived to hang straight. Take your pick between big collars, fur or cloth, and a collarless V with a little fur tie worn inside. *Fur* as trimming is, literally, a must. If you can use it with abandon as a coat lining, to trim a hem or as a front edging to a shapely redingote, so much the better. South-West African Persian lamb, sleek and sumptuous whether used for trimming, for a hat or a long luxurious stole is Absolutely Right.

They say: Put yourself in red, otherwise the outlook this winter is sombre. The alternatives are black, black and again black with grey and sable brown as the highest flash-points of colour. *Fabrics.* Use oriental metallic weaves for evening wear and even for daytime, too. Gold thread running through wool jersey and lamé giving a brighter glint to satin makes this possible. *Hats* must be head-hugging, helmet shaped to curve around the ears or some glamorous variant of—guess what?—the beret.

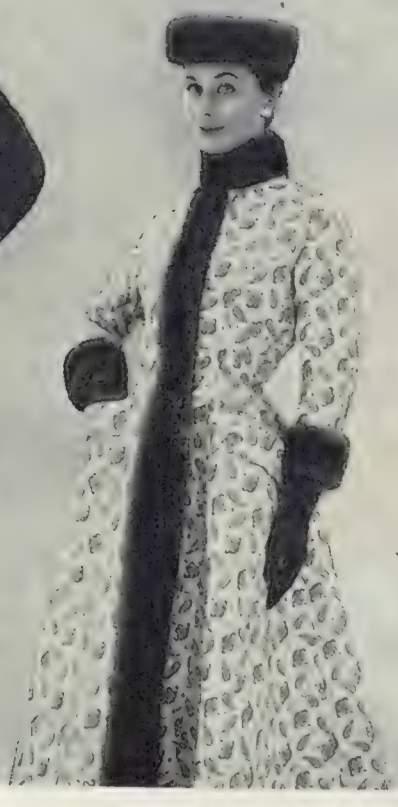


Dior's rigid line



Straight up and down. Lanvin

Black South-West African Persian lamb broadtail and ermine stole. Givenchy



Lavish use of fur. Balmain

Red flashed a brilliant note in the Paris collections. Patou's swaggering civet-lined cape tops a narrow skirted suit

THE LONELY MAN FOUND LOVE...
PIGEONS
IS THIS
THE F
ON
IN
The
CITE

Eleanor Lansing Thomas, seen above and on facing page, has recently been appointed social secretary to Mr. John Foster Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State

Society's Backroom Girls

They are the pillars of Society but Society seldom sees them at work

By ROY MARSHALL

A HUNDRED efficient, unobtrusive women in Britain were called the other day "Britain's second line diplomatic corps." It was an apt description, for they are London's "corps" of social secretaries, a hard-working corps of women who are seldom heard and never seen, in public, but without whom much of the glitter and glamour of Britain's social life would collapse.

But it was a description that also pin-pointed a drawing-room revolution. Time was when the drawing-rooms of Europe were the battlefields of international intrigue, and where courtiers made society a playground.

The social secretary came in with the Edwardian period, as life became busier and the hostess found she could not cope with all the details of entertaining and the niceties of social observance. Besides, it provided a foothold for many a poor relation.

Today, the social secretary is no longer a hanger-on of high society. Her rôle has grown until the success of deals worth millions can be made or marred by her tact and taste. A bad mistake may be construed as an insult and create a minor "international incident."

Just how important a rôle the social secretary can play is shown by the news that Mr. John Foster Dulles, the American Secretary of State, has created the post in Washington, and given it to his own Society-born cousin, Miss Eleanor Lansing Thomas.

Her job is to preserve the niceties of etiquette of Washington Society while Mr. Dulles is occupied with politics. Hers is the job of tendering polite, convincing excuses for Mr. and Mrs. Dulles in declining most of the invitations which are pressed upon them for tea or cocktails or dinner by every kind of would-be host and hostess, from top rank diplomat to professional lobbyist. A fault, an oversight, and Miss Thomas might precipitate a national, if not international, crisis.

In London, too, the social secretary fulfils a vital, though changing rôle. Forty, and even twenty years ago, the social secretary was the most intimate member of many a county household. She it was who managed the house, controlled the staff, arranged the appointments and daily round of calls and functions in a society which was based largely on the "landed gentry."

Few gentry are landed today. (*Continued on page* 82)

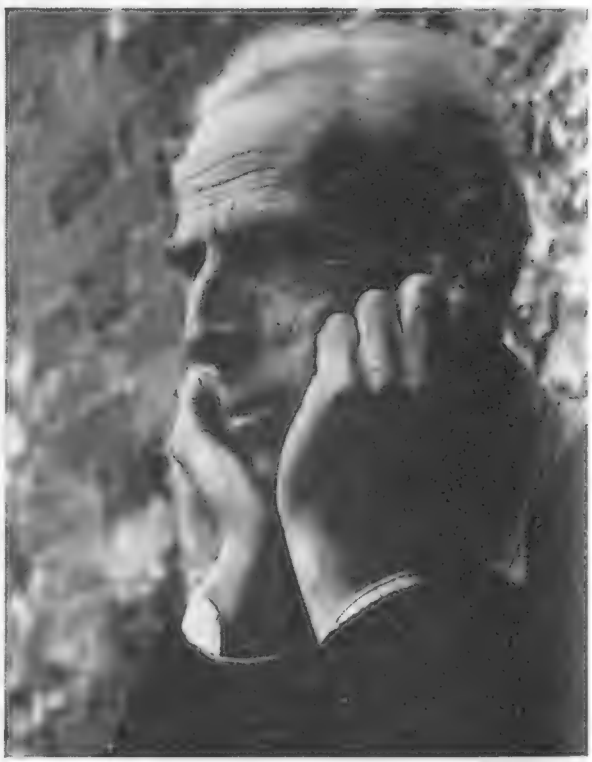
Cézanne's "Harlequin" at the Tate Gallery

Looking Around . . .

Discussion Points of the Month

After the long, incongruous days of winter-in-summer, it will be pleasant to fill October's darker evenings with seasonable entertainment

An exhibition of sixty-five of Cézanne's best paintings chosen by Professor Lawrence Gowing, will be on view at the Tate from September 29 to October 27. The model for Harlequin was Paul Cézanne *fils*, and it is no wonder that he droops so sadly, for his irritable father demanded upwards of a hundred sittings, in which he exacted the immobility of an apple. And all the time there was the dread that some noise—such as the barking of a dog—would provoke a nervous explosion, vented by slashing the picture before him with his palette knife. Outwardly Cézanne was a Provençal country gentleman, a trifle ill-humoured, but eminently respectable, living an uneventful family life, and going to Mass every Sunday. Aside from his art, he was even a little timid, "*moi qui suis faible dans la vie*" he would say. He sought to establish his "soundness" by outward signs, and quell the virulent legend of Anarchist Cézanne. So he subscribed to the Catholic Church not from religious conviction, but because "Rome was so strong"; he struggled hopelessly to get into the "Salon de M. Bougereau" (the stronghold of conventional art); and he publicly let it be known that he would love to have the Legion of Honour. But he was really the most single-minded of artists, believing in only one thing, "his little sensation," and all the rest was a barricade against the incomprehensible antagonism which his lonely pursuit aroused.



John Piper. Photograph by Maiteny

Piper's costumes for *The Turn Of The Screw*. Photograph by Maiteny

In John Piper's latest work—costumes and décor for the new Benjamin Britten opera *The Turn Of The Screw*—he has turned from the carefree, wavy-balconied neo-Victorianism which he has made part of our vision, to the grimmer, more authentic Victoriana of Henry James's macabre story, for it is only against the precision of everyday detail that the horror of the supernatural becomes actual. Britten's opera should succeed in making our flesh creep, for he is a master of the macabre : he has enlarged the devilish Peter Quint into a full-scale villain—an unusual part for Peter Pears.

Left are Mr. Piper's costumes for Flora (Olive Dyer), and the Governess (Jenefer Vyvyan), in preparation at the English Opera Group's Wardrobe. The opera, which received its world première at Venice on September 14, comes to Sadler's Wells on October 6.

Kay Cavendish. Photograph by Maiteny

Kay Cavendish, famous lady of the keys, can hold a cabaret, or a concert hall audience with equal confidence, for her artistry in boogie is matched by her way with Beethoven and Bach. Her early training was classical, and she was a gold medallist at the Royal Academy of Music before being denied the financial backing to go on. So, while still very young, she resolutely adapted her art to the popular, and fought and starved her way through the halls to make a living, though never losing sight of where she wanted to go. A warm and generous personality, combined with rare technical skill and a golden voice made success inevitable, but the most important break—into radio—was a compound of coincidence and chance. It was 1943 : she was working as a Welsh Regional announcer at Bangor, and one afternoon the tape recorder went wrong. The engineers fixed it, then looked round for something to test it on, and, seeing Kay, asked her to strum on the piano—to sing as well if she would : Kay on the Keys was born. Since then she has coped with a prodigiously strenuous programme, and has recently been touring the country as star of Harold Fielding's *Music For The Millions*. At the end of this month she makes a welcome London reappearance in cabaret at the Berkeley. In brief respites from work she retreats to her Sussex cottage.

For five days—October 25–30—the leading lights of Italy's filmland are to hold court in London, where they will première a new film each evening at the Tivoli, Strand, organize a film festival ball in aid of the Italian Hospital in London, and a fashion parade to show clothes by Italian couturiers. Distinguished among the guest-hosts is Gianni Franciolini, *right*.
This forty-four year old Florentine has made eight strikingly individual pictures in the last two years—among them the turgidly passionate *Last Meeting* and the hilarious comedy *The Bride Couldn't Wait*, in which he introduced Gina Lollobrigida to the screen. Franciolini is a man of strong character and unswerving principles. He left his comfortable home in Italy as a youth and worked up the hard way, taking any odd jobs in Paris film studios (and suffering such hunger on occasion that he was driven to chew wood); but within four years he had become assistant to René Clair, and was soon making his own documentaries. He returned to an Italy with Mussolini in the ascendant, but refused to have anything to do with Fascism. He went on to make full-length feature films with the psychological content which has since become his hallmark. Franciolini is the reverse of the conventional idea of a flamboyant Latin, being quiet in dress, voice and pleasures—these consisting in watching and listening to people, and reading.

Alida Valli and Franco Interlenghi with Director Gianni Franciolini

Erich Maria Remarque. Photograph by Schloss

Erich Maria Remarque, whose novel of the first World War, *All Quiet On The Western Front*, may well escape limbo for longer than most of this century's books, has now written a war book to end war books : *A Time To Love And A Time To Die* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.) Herr Remarque, implacable enemy of Nazism since its inception, shows the late war from the viewpoint of an ordinary soldier. Ernst Graeber is an average young German : most of the time he keeps quiet rather than be shot, but now and again the puzzled human being overcomes the uniform—"We're not different from other men. It's the war, that's all." Manufactured ideology ("The Russians were not sub-human while they were still our allies. But they are now. . . .") is seen breaking against the natural thought-processes of a man who is neither a hero nor a criminal : when he goes from the front where every minute of every day has been directed from above, to the comparative freedom of leave in his bombed home town, the propaganda (which he had never actively believed, but merely accepted) becomes so many words. His own brain, stung into action by his parents' death, will not let him rest : he sees, but cannot now escape, either bodily, or into renewed mindlessness. The physical horrors of war pale before the terrible spiritual solitude of his situation. Remarque's book is powerful, wise, and without hope.

Eating in PARIS

If you are visiting Paris and plan to eat at one or other of the fascinating small restaurants described in P. M. Dixon's article last month, these are the dishes we recommend you to choose. But if you can't get to Paris, Paris comes to you with these recipes by the restaurateurs who have made them a speciality

LOBSTER tart is the speciality not to be missed at the restaurant "Au Bossu" as La Guiche de Homard. To prepare it for yourself, you will want, for four people, a fair-sized lobster or crawfish, which is cooked in court bouillon. Prepare a tart base of short pastry having folded the dough two or three times. When it is ready (but not cooked) place your lobster upon it, cut in dice, together with mushrooms that have been blanched and sprinkled with lemon juice. Cover with fresh cream to which has been added the yolks of 2 eggs, pepper and salt. Sprinkle with a light covering of grated Gruyère cheese and place in the oven for 45 minutes.

When at "Ugène et Coralie" in the rue Sainte-Anne, you must try the Aioli as served in Avignon. This is how it is prepared. For two people, clean and soak two good fillets of salted cod. Place them in cold water and cook in the oven. As soon as they begin to boil, withdraw them and allow to stand in the liquid in which they have been cooking.

Cook separately four carrots cut in quarters lengthways, ½ lb. haricots verts, 6 potatoes (in their skins, skinning them just before serving), 2 dozen snails (*petits gris*) with thyme, bayleaf and butter, lifting them from their shells at the moment of serving. Do not salt any of the vegetables. Make a mayonnaise with olive oil and add a clove of pounded garlic. Season with salt, pepper and a few drops only of wine vinegar. Serve with the fish, snails and vegetables on a hot plate.

At "Louisette la Basquaise," you must sample the Poulet Basquaise, or make it yourself like this. Cut a chicken in pieces and sauté in butter until it becomes golden brown. Set it aside while in the same butter you cook one sliced onion. When lightly browned, add a finely sliced pimento and cook with the onion.

Cook separately peeled and seeded tomatoes (*Continued on page* 64)

MASTERPIECES

Third in our picture series of the great novels of the past is George Eliot's famous and moving work

"IF there is one relation of my life," wrote Mary Ann Evans to a friend, "which has been properly serious it is my relation to Mr. Lewes." All the world now knows that George Eliot was a woman—Mary Ann Evans. Few realize the extent to which that woman's life and work was influenced by her relations with the man she lived with yet was unable to marry.

Mary Ann Evans was born at Arbury Farm near Nuneaton in Warwickshire in 1819, and her girlhood was a struggle with domestic duties and education. Books were her treasured companions—as they were of Maggie in *The Mill On The Floss*—but, unlike Maggie, her early life was full of disagreement with her father on religious matters.

It was not, in fact, until she met George Henry Lewes, literary editor of *The Leader* in London, that her genius for fiction emerged—a genius that was to enlarge the scope of the English novel and prove to the world that a story can be both a source of pleasure and entertainment and a font of wisdom and help in understanding human nature.

Lewes it was who started the negotiations that led to the anonymous publication in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1858 of three stories, *Scenes From Clerical Life*. *Adam Bede* followed in 1859, and *The Mill On The Floss* in 1860. But before this the woman who was to be known the world over as George Eliot had taken a decisive step. Lewes had been deserted by a faithless wife, but divorce was impossible. As Edith Sitwell has put it: "This plain little man, deeply pitted with smallpox, was to Mary Ann Evans the dearest of all beings, and in 1854 she left England for Weimar with the man whom she regarded as her husband to the day when death took him from her." Despite the irregularity of their union she found happiness—and fame.

So it came about that some of the greatest novels in the English language were written by a woman whose family life, though intensely happy, was in direct opposition to all the accepted and cherished canons of the Victorian age.

Yet that is not all. The psychological and intellectual problems of her day she bravely posed in fiction—that she was unable to provide altogether satisfactory answers was perhaps inevitable. To quote Edith Sitwell again: "A homeless creature, longing for spiritual contacts, her life and work were woven on the same pattern: a certain heaviness and inelasticity together with a true nobility of outlook. These were her main characteristics, with that life-long search for 'something that would link together the wonderful impressions of this mysterious life, and give her soul a sense of home in it.'"

She had a genius for depicting the rural scene and the middle classes of a fast-dying era. For the poignant reality of those descriptions alone her work can never die.

The Mill on the Floss

Illustrations by MIDDLEHURST

"A WIDE plain where the broadening Floss hurries on between its green banks to the sea, and the loving tide, rushing to meet it, checks its passage with an impetuous embrace. On this mighty tide the black ships are borne along to the town of St. Oggs, which shows its aged, fluted red roofs and the broad gables of its wharves between the low wooded hill and the river brink. . . . Just by the red-roofed town the tributary Ripple flows with a lively current into the Floss." And there by the stone bridge stood Dorlcote Mill.

There is a "rush of water and the roaring of the mill . . . the thunder of the huge covered wagon coming home with sacks of grain . . . the unresting wheel sending out its diamond jets of water . . ." and the little girl standing at the edge of the water watching, on a cold day in February many years ago.

Inside, where the bright fire tempts and the red light shines out under the deepening grey of the sky, Mr. and

She looked down with a startled gesture to see Philip Wakem

MIDDLEHURST

Tom was the whole world to Maggie, the pivot of her existence, and any disagreement with him meant tears

Mrs. Tulliver were discussing their children—Maggie, who yet lingered outdoors, " wandering up and down by the water like a wild thing," and Tom, who Mr. Tulliver would like to be a " bit of a scholard," though " it seems a pity the lad should take after his mother's side i'stead o' the little wench. The little un takes after my side, now : she 's twice as cute as Tom. Too cute for a woman, I 'm afraid. It 's no mischief much while she 's a little un, but an over-cute woman 's no better nor a long-tailed sheep—she 'll fetch none the bigger price for that."

Perhaps their father had some unconscious premonition of the future, but he determined to give Tom what he called a " good eddication as'll be a bread to him," and incidentally fit him to cope with the " raskilly lawyers " with whom Tulliver himself was always at war. For the miller was constantly being embroiled in law suits, one of which, then pending, was to have disastrous consequences for them all.

But Tom went off in due course to a tutor clergyman, there to find the only other pupil to be Philip Wakem,

" Keep away from us," stormed Maggie at a family council, " Tom and I don't want any of your money ! "

hunchback son of Lawyer Wakem, Tom's father's bitterest enemy. There, too, Maggie, visiting Tom, came to know Philip and with childish sympathy tried to convince him she liked him as well as Tom. " Should you like me to kiss you, as I do Tom ? " she asked one day and, putting her arms round his neck, " kissed him quite earnestly."

But for Maggie, strange, fey creature, avidly reading any and every book that came her way, Tom was still the whole world, the pivot of her existence, and " it was enough that Tom called her Maggie and was pleased with her." For her, any disagreement with Tom, her only adored brother, meant tears.

Yet there was happiness too of a lonely kind for Maggie for a while until, after Tom had been at " school " for a time, his father lost everything in a law suit with Wakem, the furniture was sold up to pay debts and Tulliver himself suffered a stroke when he discovered that even the mortgage on the Mill had passed into Wakem's hands.

There followed long days of anguish for the family while Tulliver lay semi-conscious and unable to grasp what had happened. Aunts and uncles, Deanes, Gleggs and Pullets, all prosperous, all Mrs. Tulliver's kin, all

" Should you like me to kiss you, as I do Tom ? " Maggie asked Philip, to convince him she liked him as well as Tom

finding something to gloat over in the misfortunes of the fiery, irascible, independent man who had married their sister and " then failed her "—all gathered to decide what should be done and how much they could avoid doing. " Keep away from us," stormed Maggie at one family " council," " Tom and I don't even want to have any of your money ! "

At last, Tulliver rallied from his coma, understood that the dregs of humiliation were truly his—when lawyer Wakem, now owner of the Mill, offered to let him stay as manager. " This world's been too many for me, " he told his wife—and agreed, for his family's sake, to do so. But he was a changed man, an automaton moving in a dream, his life dedicated to repayment of his debts and, underlying all, a grim determination never to forgive his enemy.

To Maggie the " time of utmost need was come." While Tom worked in his Uncle Deane's office in St. Oggs, his meagre money going bit by bit to repay the family debts, Maggie passed through a long time of loneliness and melancholy and though Tom objected (conceiving it a man's affair) she plunged heart and soul into trying to earn money by needlework to do her share in helping to pay off the family debt.

" Who wouldn't laugh at the idea of *your* turning lover to a fine girl ? " said Tom to the hunchback

As spring lengthened into summer, she went more and more for the daily walk that was her one indulgence, to a patch of wild land called the Red Deeps, and there one day she met Philip Wakem again——" she became conscious of a moving shadow cast by the evening sun, and looked down with a startled gesture to see Philip who . . . blushing deeply, came forward and put out his hand "——and met him again and again . . . until she knew he was in love with her. She did not know whether she really returned his love. And, too, there was the stark fact that Philip was Wakem's son and there could be no peace between the humiliated Tullivers and the triumphant Wakems in her father's and Tom's minds. She made up her mind to see Philip no more, but when the time came she found it impossible. She was too fond of him, too aware of the brighter, gayer, fuller life that lay beyond her family's valley of humiliation . . . " *Do* you love me ? " asked Philip. " I think I could hardly love anyone better . . . ". she replied, " but you know we couldn't even be friends, if our friendship was discovered. . . . "

Their friendship was discovered—by Tom on a fatal day when he found them together in the Red Deeps and made her promise never to meet Philip or write to him again without Tom's knowledge. And to the unfortunate Philip, " I 'll thrash you—I 'll hold you up to public scorn. Who wouldn't laugh at the idea of *your* turning lover to a fine girl ? "

" Maggie's heart bled for Philip : she went on recalling the insults that had been flung at him with so vivid a conception of what he had felt under them, that it was almost a sharp bodily pain to her. . . . And yet, how was it that she was now and then conscious of a certain dim background of relief in the forced separation from Philip ? "

Three weeks later, when Dorlcote Mill was at its prettiest moment in all the year, Tom announced to his father that by doing some trading of his own " on the side " they had now accumulated enough money to pay off their debts. The following day, when the triumphant father found himself seated at table with his creditors, " his eye kindling and his cheek flushed with the consciousness that he was about to make an honourable figure once more, he looked more like the proud, confident, warm-tempered Tulliver of old times. . . . "

" Dearest." Stephen's arm stole round Maggie's waist. " One last kiss before we part."

They glided rapidly along, Stephen rowing on between sunny fields and pastures . . . Maggie was only dimly conscious of the villages on the banks as they passed them by

"You will find no home with me," Tom said, when Maggie returned. "You have disgraced us all"

Later that day, riding home, he met Wakem at the gates of Dorlcote Mill—to be greeted with an insulting remark about his old-fashioned farming methods. For a fateful moment the two men faced each other, then the passion of months boiled up and, dragging Wakem from his horse, Tulliver flogged him with his riding-whip, only restrained at length by Maggie hanging on to his arm. . . . But the sudden passion proved too much for Tulliver and soon after nightfall he died, muttering "This world 's . . . too many . . . honest man . . . puzzling. . . ."

Tom, Maggie and their mother were turned out of the Mill. For Tom it meant lodgings with a boyhood friend in St. Oggs. For their mother the humiliating "arrangement" of going as housekeeper to her sister, Deane. For Maggie, a time of waiting in the Deanes' house until she could find a suitable "post." And there she found solace in the company of her cousin, slim, eighteen-year-old Lucy Deane. Lucy was engaged to Stephen Guest, son of her father's senior partner. "She and Stephen were in that stage of courtship which makes the most exquisite moment of youth, the freshest blossom-time of passion—when each is sure of the other's love."

Lucy, innocently anxious only to rouse her cousin from her present despair and loneliness, contrived to bring the two more and more together. And once again, Maggie, despite herself, "felt the half-remote presence of a world of love and beauty and delight. . . ." It was inevitable that the two should fall in love, inevitable that in Maggie's highly-strung, hungry nature the conflict of hopes and fears, loyalties and doubts should well-nigh break her high spirit.

For behind the awareness of Stephen's attraction for her, lay a half-recognised loyalty to Philip, her adorer of the Red Deeps, and a stronger, passionate loyalty to the innocent Lucy.

Meanwhile Tom, his feet now firmly on the ladder of industry, was prospering in the firm of Guest and Deane, and had got on so well that he finally persuaded them to buy back Dorlcote Mill from Wakem—if the latter could be persuaded to sell. Like many another half-hearted entrant in a field of business foreign to him, the lawyer, all knew, would be only too glad to sell, but not if he realised that the Mill would be going back to the Tullivers.

But finally it was Lucy who solved the problem. Maggie had confessed to her her early love for Philip Wakem and the obstacle to its fulfilment the family enmity meant. This confidence, though true, blinded poor Lucy to the love developing in front of her between Stephen and Maggie. She conceived a plan to persuade Wakem to sell the Mill by working on him through his known affection for his son. Coaxed by Lucy, Philip told his father he was in love with Maggie and eventually persuaded Wakem to sell the Mill to Guest and Deane. Lucy, confident that Tom's enmity would now relax, waited happily for the outcome of her plans.

But the as-yet-undeclared attraction between Maggie and Stephen was growing stronger and stronger, until Stephen could stand it no longer and begged Maggie to marry him. For Maggie it was the critical moment of her life. "Oh, it is difficult— (*Continued on page* 84.)

In the approaching dawn she found the Mill . . . only its upper storey showing above the black waters

Photograph by Farmers Weekly

Cheese is on the Map Again

By JOANNA LACEY DREW

THE pundits who decreed in the early 1940's that no more English cheeses should be made for our home market were obviously no gourmets, or they would have blenched at such a prohibition.

How heroically we bore it all! Deprived of our British beef, our British beer, and finally our British cheese, we philosophically accepted slabs of "mousetrap," synthetically flavoured and coloured, and dignified by the names of Cheddar or even Cheshire. The vandals stopped at that, fortunately. Nobody dared to pretend that the stuff they imported was Stilton or Wensleydale. As if these could equal the long, slow maturing, the loving care with which our historic cheeses were produced in the farmhouses of England.

After a while our lot was ameliorated by a trickle of good Continental cheese. In came the Brie, the Camembert, the Bel Paese; Roquefort and Gruyere appeared occasionally, but always flanked by the sturdy slabs of Canadian or New Zealand, bitterly recalling to our memories the Cheddar of which they were an imitation.

Our regional cheesemakers—blessings on them!—could not entirely accept the prohibition. Occupied as they were by the stern demands of war-work, they yet found time to keep their hand in surreptitiously. You came across it by happy accident, this "bootleg" cheese, and the pleasure of meeting it was enhanced by its unexpectedness.

I remember a holiday in Wales—about 1945 it would be—when the general cheeselessness was at its worst. One day we decided to climb the Cader Idris, an exercise not entirely enjoyable for me, for I am no athlete. But there were occasional recompenses on the upward climb. The sound of furious water heralded boiling streams foaming over their rocky beds, and when suddenly we came upon a wide and placid lake, couched in springy heather, even I had to admit that the climb had been worth while.

But the greatest pleasure for me, outshining even the scenery, was the meal we had at a little farmhouse precariously clinging to the hillside. Welsh mutton, lettuce, home-made bread, strong tea, and finally, to my incredulous delight, the farmer's wife produced a Caerphilly cheese, round and flat, with its golden rind hiding the creamy whiteness within until she cut it.

I can still recall its wheylike taste on the salt butter and the crumbly bread, and the two baby sheepdogs like animated powderpuffs frisking around the table and begging for crumbs, while their lean and anxious mother hovered in the background, growling warningly when I bent to pick one of her babies up. The steaming waterfalls hissed away in the distance, the purple hills loomed around, and the cheese was marvellous!

BUMPING across an uncharted road in Dorset in a decrepit car—even the doors were tied with string!—and feeling as if I had experienced far too long a session on an eccentric switchback, we came to a hamlet. It was a drizzly evening in July, and the car's roof was by no means watertight. We had no notion of our direction, and accepted gratefully a suggestion that we stop for a rest and a meal (*Continued on page* 88.)

Diet for Your skin

Only recently has dietetic

beautiful complexion. This seven-day skin-improving diet has been worked

Britannia and Eve. Write to Chrysis, Britannia and Eve,

195, Strand, W.C.2, enclosing

a stamped envelope, for

full six-weeks course

CHRYSIS

research revealed the food factors vital to a

out by a dietetic expert specially for

JUST begin to recall all the maxims you have ever heard about what to eat for a perfect complexion, and the connection between the two becomes obvious . . . even though your faith in maxims has been sadly shaken since trying one out for an unsuccessful week or so. How many poor, spotty little girls have forsworn chocolates and pastries without any good effects on their complexions? How many women, worried about a patch of red veins on the cheek, indignantly protest that they NEVER eat highly spiced foods anyway, and have cut out fries since they started slimming a few months ago?

The relation of diet to complexion is a complicated one . . . the old wives' saws don't begin to get to the root of the matter, and the experts in dietetics themselves are still discovering new factors. But already a great deal is known. Sufficient, anyway, for the woman in search of a perfect peach-bloom complexion to try dieting for it, with fair confidence in success.

Up till now, recipes for a lovely skin have been more forthcoming on what to avoid than what to eat . . . except the proverbial apple. The aim has usually been towards a healthy blood stream and a system free from the poisons produced by constipation. Important though these factors are (both are looked after in our diet, which is rich in iron and Vitamin B complex), they are only half the story. Avoiding the harmful is not enough. You must feed the skin, too. You must supply it with all the elements it needs to maintain its correct and healthy functioning, and to renew the skin cells as they wear out.

The two vital elements to a perfect complexion are the Vitamin B complex group and Vitamin A. Recent research has discovered some fascinating facts about them. Deficiency of Vitamin B can lead to a cracked and dry skin condition. But the vitamin best known in connection with the skin is Vitamin A. Lack of it in the diet can produce sallowness, clogging of the pores and over-dryness, and can leave the skin dangerously prone to infection.

These new discoveries have sponsored the appearance of the vitamin beauty creams. They are good, of course . . . but only as a supplementary source of these precious skin-improving elements. A certain quantity of Vitamin A can be absorbed through the skin, but the main supply must come from the diet.

The diet we give here is specially rich in the elements needed for improving the complexion—Vitamins A and B complex to feed the skin itself, Vitamin C and iron for the blood and blood-forming tissues. Try it out for, say, six weeks, and see what it can do for your complexion.

You needn't fear for your waist-line. Normal helpings of the dishes on the menu will give a total daily intake of about 2,000 calories, which is what you would aim at if you were on a slimming diet. It is not an arduous diet to follow . . . look, it includes cake for tea and either of the two main meals can be turned into a three-course affair by adding a soup course. Choose one of these . . . onion, vegetable, tomato, kidney, asparagus, carrot or chicken broth.

Even the career girl who lunches out can manage the diet by making judicious selections from the menu (sardines on toast, an omelette or cauliflower cheese, followed by stewed fruit, are usually "on"), and then there is always the packed lunch. To improve your complexion without endangering the silhouette . . . it should be worth the effort.

SUNDAY Breakfast—Stewed prunes, Bemax, toast, butter, marmalade, coffee or tea. Lunch—Tomato rarebit, chocolate mould, coffee. Tea—Sponge cake, tea. Dinner—Roast lamb, pork or chicken, mint or apple sauce, cabbage, boiled potatoes, apricots, and cream or custard.

MONDAY Breakfast—Orange juice, boiled egg, brown bread, butter, marmalade, coffee or tea. Lunch—Cold meat, green salad, brown bread and butter, stewed fruit. Tea—Shortbread and tea. Dinner—Fish or vegetable soufflé, French beans, potatoes, biscuits and cheese, fresh fruit.

TUESDAY Breakfast—Grilled kidney and tomato, toast, butter, marmalade, coffee or tea. Lunch—Kedgeree, fruit jelly, coffee. Tea—Scone and butter, tea. Dinner—Liver casserole, spinach, potatoes, baked apple with raisins, cream.

WEDNESDAY Breakfast—Grapefruit, cereal or porridge, Bemax, toast, butter, marmalade, coffee or tea. Lunch—Cauliflower cheese, grilled tomatoes, stewed fruit, ice-cream. Tea—Gingerbread, tea. Dinner—Boiled or braised beef, carrots, potatoes, caramel custard.

THURSDAY Breakfast—Orange juice, grilled bacon and mushrooms, toast, coffee or tea. Lunch—Minced beef, rice, fresh fruit. Tea—Cherry cake, tea. Dinner—Herring in oatmeal, duchesse potatoes, Eve's pudding.

FRIDAY Breakfast—Stewed figs, Bemax, toast, butter, marmalade, coffee or tea. Lunch—Sardines on toast, stewed fruit, junket, coffee. Tea—Biscuits, tea. Dinner—Lamb chop, peas, potatoes, fresh fruit salad, cream.

SATURDAY Breakfast—Orange juice, kipper, toast, coffee or tea. Lunch—Omelette, watercress, biscuits and cheese, fresh fruit. Tea—Madeira cake, tea. Dinner—Salmon or ham or tongue, potato salad, green salad, sponge pudding.

The Waistcoat

MATERIALS required are 5 ozs. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 3-ply, in light shade, 2 ozs. in dark shade ; 6 buttons ; 1 pair each No. 13 and No. 10 needles. Working at a tension of 8 stitches to the inch, the waistcoat fits a 38-40-in. chest, length from shoulder 21½ ins.

THE BACK

With No. 13 needles and dark wool, cast on 160 sts.

Work 2½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib. Change to No. 10 needles and light wool and continue in the following patt. :

1st row.—K. 4, * k. the next st., placing wool twice round needle, k. 4, rep. from * to last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—P. 5, * sl. the next st., dropping the extra loop, p. 4, rep. from * to end.

3rd row.—K. 2, * k. into the 3rd st. (the slipped st.) on the left-hand needle, k. the 2 sts. in front of this st., then k. the 2 sts. after this st., rep. from * to end.

4th row.—P.

5th row.—K. 5, * k. the next st., placing wool twice round needle, k. 4, rep. from * to end.

6th row.—* P. 4, sl. 1, dropping the extra loop, rep. from * to last 5 sts., p. 5.

7th row.—K. 5, * drop the slipped st. off the left-hand needle, k. next 2 sts., pick up and k. the dropped st., k. 2, rep. from * to end.

8th row.—P. These 8 rows form the patt. Work until 12 ins. from beg.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLES

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. at both ends of every row until 120 sts. remain. Work 8½ ins.

SHAPE THE SHOULDERS

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Cast off remainder.

THE RIGHT FRONT

With No. 13 needles and dark wool, cast on 90 sts. Work as given for the back until 6 ins. from beg.

SHAPE THE FRONT EDGE

Continue until 12 ins. from beg., at the same time dec. once in the next row and in every 6th row following at the neck edge.

SHAPE THE ARMHOLE

Still continuing the neck edge dec., cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next armhole end row, then dec. once in every row at this edge, 10 times. Now work 8½ ins., at the same time dec. once in every 5th row at the neck edge until 40 sts. remain.

SHAPE THE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows, then 5 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows.

THE LEFT FRONT

With No. 13 needles and dark wool, cast on 90 sts. Work 1½ ins. in k. 1, p. 1, rib.

MAKE FIRST SET OF BUTTONHOLES

1st row (wrong side of work facing).—Cast off 5 sts., work 10 sts., cast off 5 sts., work to end.

2nd row.—Cast on sts. in place of those cast off. Now continue as given for Right Front, reversing the shapings, and making 2 more sets of Buttonholes, 2½ ins. apart.

THE EDGINGS

With No. 13 needles and dark wool, cast on 6 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1, rib. Work 2 strips 21 ins. long for armholes, and 1 strip 49 ins. long for front edges.

TO MAKE UP

Sew shoulder and side seams. Sew edgings to armholes and fronts. Press and sew on buttons.

Now is the time to consider

IDEAS

for the

KNITTING

SEASON

When evenings draw in, it is seasonable to have some knitting on the needles . . . a waistcoat for him, perhaps, or an evening sweater for yourself

Evening Sweater

MATERIALS required are 4½ oz. Ramada Super Knitting Wool, 3-ply; 1 pair each No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles. Working at a tension of 8 stitches and 10 rows to 1 square inch measured over the stocking stitch on No. 10 needles, the jumper fits a 34–35-in. bust. *Note:* Work into backs of all cast-on stitches unless otherwise stated.

FRONT

** Using No. 12 needles, cast on 122 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib, dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 112 sts. on needle. Continue on 112 sts. for 4 rows. Change to pattern.

1st row.—* K. 16, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times ; rep. from * to last 16 sts., k. 16.

2nd row.—P.

Rep. last 2 rows 7 times, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of last row.

17th row.—K. 1 ; rep. from * of 1st row to last 17 sts., k. 17.

18th row.—P.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

Change to No. 10 needles.

21st row.—K. 1, * (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o) 8 times, k. 16 ; rep. from * to last 17 sts., (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o) 8 times, k. 1.

22nd row.—Inc. into 1st st., p. to last st., inc. into st.

23rd row.—Rep. 21st row, beg. and ending k. 2.

24th row.—P.

Work rows 25 to 40 as last 2 rows, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 28th, 34th and 40th row, and working inc. sts. in st.st.

41st. row.—K. 1, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, work from * of 1st row to last 21 sts., k. 16 (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, k. 1.

42nd row.—P.

Work rows 43 to 60 as last 2 rows, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of the 46th, 52nd and 58th row, and working inc. sts. into lace pattern.

Work rows 61 to 80 as rows 21 to 40, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of the 64th, 70th and 76th row, and working inc. sts. in st.st.—the 61st row will begin k. 8.

Work rows 81 to 96 as rows 41 to 56, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of the 82nd, and 88th rows, and working inc. sts. in lace pattern—the 81st row will begin, k. 1, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o) 5 times.

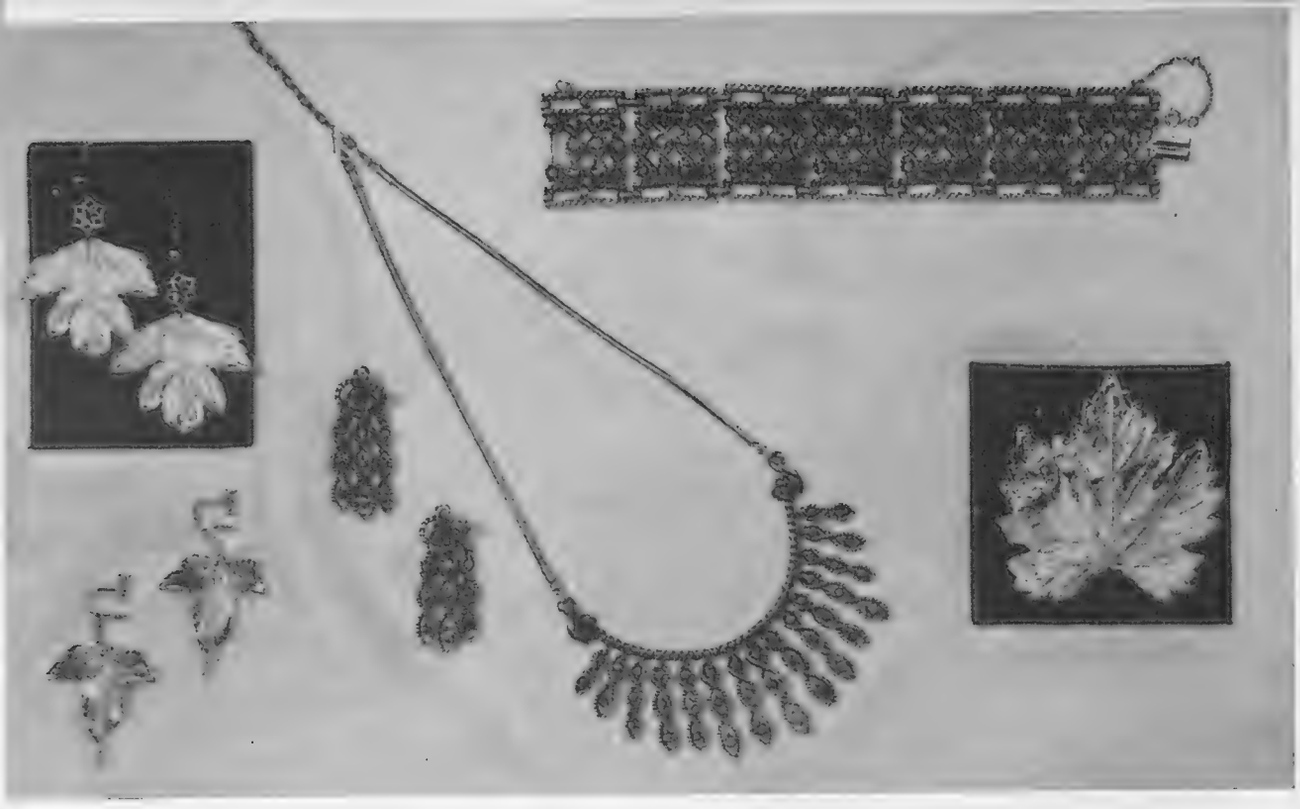
Shape Armholes.—97th row.—Cast off 9 sts., k. 2 (including st. on needle), m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., work in pattern to end of row.

98th row.—Cast off 9 sts., p. to end of row.

99th row.—(m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, k. 16, pattern to end of row.

100th row.—P.

Continuing in pattern, work rows 101 to 120, *inc.* 1 st. at beg. and end of the 104th, 111th and 118th rows, and working inc. sts. in st.st. (*Continued on page* 88)



Margaret Sharp . . .

Shopping for You

Margaret Sharp's shopping finds this month may help you keep last year's resolution . . . with 73 more shopping days still to go . . .

If your ideas of jewellery run to intricate settings and good designs rather than precious stones, you are well served this autumn. The gold leaf jewellery in the photograph above will appeal to those who like novelty when it is in good taste. Mouldings have been taken from actual leaves, dipped in 22-carat gold or silver and mounted as brooches, ear-rings and necklaces. The sycamore leaf ear-rings are 16s. 11d., the ivy ear-rings from 10s. 6d., the vine leaf brooch 9s. 11d., 12s. 11d., from Peter Jones's Boutique. The three-piece ensemble has simulated pearls and turquoises, set in gold plate, lacquered so that the gold will not wear off. The necklace is 79s. 6d., the bracelet 57s. 6d., and the ear-rings 21s. 9d. from Harrods of Knightsbridge.

Chelsea pottery, designed by a group of well-known artists, makes use of a new type of indestructible glaze. "The Owl and the Pussy Cat" cruet (2 gns.) and the penguin menu holder (£1 10s.) are enhancements for a contemporary table setting. A night light inside the white ghost candlestick (1 gn.) gives the eyes an eerie flicker; the choirboy candlestick is £1 10s., the dusky angel candlestick £1 11s. 3d. Bird and fish flowerholders are £1 4s. and £2 2s. All at Liberty's, Regent Street.

Personal Choice

Fabric gloves this season have taken on a new lease of fashionable life. No longer the poor relation, fabric gloves hold their own at cocktail time and after. These wrist-length cocktail gloves in black suède fabric, beautifully finger tailored and cuffed, are among a selection at Fenwicks of Bond Street. Prices are well under a pound. Another which specially took my eye was a black fabric bracelet length glove, with a single elegant line of jet bead trimming. Noted for young shoppers . . . shortie evening gloves in pastel silk fabric made to team with evening dresses.

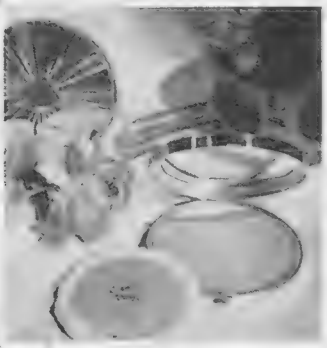
Candy stripe sheets are new, but rainbow stripes are newer. Egyptian cotton, single bed sets of two sheets and two pillow-cases cost 6 gns., double size 7 gns., from Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge and Bournemouth.

A waterless hot-water bottle has obvious advantages . . . and this is virtually what the Zermopac is. Heat treatment has long been recognized as beneficial for rheumatic and kindred pains. The Zermopac contains chemicals which, when a teaspoon of cold water is added, warms the pad quickly to a temperature between 110 deg. F. and 160 deg. F. and stays hot for up to sixty hours. The larger size, price 7s. 6d., covers most sickroom purposes. The junior size, 4s. 6d., has advantages as a mobile "winter warmer" for travelling. Obtainable from Boots the Chemists.

For women with hankerings to have spectacles matched to their dresses . . . these ingenious frames by Wheway Co., solve the difficulty with interchangeable rims. You have one pair of specs and several different sets of rims, chosen from a range which covers many colours and finishes, plain for day and sparkling for evening. It is the simplest thing to change over rims when you change for dinner, or switch to a dress of another colour. They have another advantage in that for the cost of one pair of frames and several sets of rims, you have different spectacles for each outfit.

Max Factor's follow-up to his widely popular two-in-one *Creme Puff* make-up. A gilt compact to take the Creme Puff and subsequent refills. Price, 25s., from Selfridges, Oxford Street.

Service of the Month



A Bond Street beauty salon is offering a two-hour beauty course free to groups of twelve members of women's organizations. A beauty consultant gives talks on beauty, perfume and fashion. This is followed with a practical session when members of the group can experiment with the new ideas on make-up they have learnt and get expert advice on the care of their skins. At least one will get a free facial treatment. Tea is served to underline the friendly, informal atmosphere of the afternoon. Any group wishing to attend a course should write to Miss Susan Hunt, J. and E. Atkinson, Ltd., 24 Old Bond Street, London, W.1., who will make the necessary arrangements.

Lancôme's Eau de Senteur is more than a toilet water. At 85 per cent proof it is almost a perfume essence at a fraction the price. Three fragrances to choose: "Joyeux Été," "Bel Automne" and "Graces du Printemps," 31s. 6d. from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly.

COOKERY . . . *by JANET DARBY*

In spite of remembered stodge

there are numberless dishes that

are improved with rice

IF hectic advertising has persuaded you that the word "cereal" applies solely to ready-cooked grains, *deliciously* flavoured with this, that or the other, and only requiring the addition of milk to make a complete breakfast food, let me urge you to consider the merits of a cereal which can be bought uncooked, and which can be prepared in so many ways that whole books have been devoted to its uses. I refer, of course, to rice.

Does the word conjure up memories of granular and rather slushy puddings, insufficiently flavoured, which you were urged to eat as children, with the nauseating testimonial that it was "good for you"? Yet, properly prepared and cooked in a slow, slow oven, with the addition of a bayleaf, perhaps, or some freshly grated nutmeg, rice-pudding can be a nursery favourite. I don't mind admitting that I'm partial to it myself, even though I'm no longer in the nursery!

It seems to me, however, that it is only in these islands that rice is treated as a humble food, suitable only for children and the toothless old. All over the rest of the globe—literally from China to Peru—rice is given the respect it deserves. In China, where it is the staple food, it has engendered hundreds of proverbs and superstitions To upset a rice bowl is a synonym for misfortune, and children are warned that if they leave their rice uneaten their future mates will be disfigured. In Italy as *risotto* it shares the honours with pasta. In Spain and Mexico it comes proudly to the table as *arroz* or even more splendidly as *paella*. A curry is unthinkable without its accompanying rice, and where would kedgeree be without it? A classic French dish is *poulet au riz*, and you would hardly recognize rice as *poire conde*. The Balkan *pilau* is a near relation of *risotto*.

IF, as I hope, I have interested you in the possibilities of this most versatile of grains, you will want to know more about choosing and cooking it.

Short grain rice (China or Japan) is best for baked dishes; long grain (Patna or Carolina) for boiling. If you want full value in the way of calcium, phosphorus, iron, mineral salts and what-have-you, you can buy unpolished rice, of a light-brown colour, but delicious when cooked slowly.

A few general rules. Never stir rice while cooking, for stirring makes it soggy. If you cook rice in plenty of water it will not stick. When boiling rice as for curry use boiling water and trickle the rice in slowly, so that the water doesn't go off the boil. For one cupful of rice use two quarts of water and two teaspoonsful of salt. See that the water keeps moving throughout the cooking, which will take between thirty-five and forty minutes. When cooked, drain the rice in a colander, put under the cold water tap until the water runs clear, drain well again and reheat the rice by standing the colander in a pan of boiling water. The grains will then be white, plump and separate.

(*Continued on page* 86)

A matter of quality and taste

WORCESTER TEAPOT *Dr. Wall Period (1751-1783)*

"What a lovely teapot, Betty!"

"It's genuine old Worcester, been in the family for ages. My dear, you are honoured—I use it only on very special occasions."

"It must be difficult to find a tea to live up to such a treasure."

"Wait till you taste this tea. We ran out of our usual blend and cook insisted we try this. 'Choicest', it's called, and that accurately describes it. Blended by Brooke Bond. And, after all, if Brooke Bond can't blend a fine tea, who can? . . . And no need now for me to send a special order to Town for tea. I can get 'Choicest' from my local grocer."

Brooke Bond recommend their 'Choicest' tea to all who enjoy and appreciate a fine blend.
Freshly delivered weekly to grocers everywhere.
Put it on your weekly shopping order.

To celebrate the happiest return of all–

WONDERFUL 100 PAGE STORK COOKERY BOOK FREE!

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A JOB *on the* FRINGE . . .

Felicity Manheim, continuity girl at work with a director on location in the Tyrol

. . . . of films appeals to many. Three women who have such jobs tell of the training and hard work which got—and keeps—them

By BETTY GORDON JOSEPH

WORK in the fascinating and variable world of the film studios is the ambition of many women. Outside the industry such jobs convey to the many who covet them a starry atmosphere of glamour and bulging pay packets. The women who have such jobs would be the last to deny the interest or even the glamour of their occupations, but they will strenuously deny that this is the whole picture. No hum-drum nine-to-five routine for them, they will tell you that, on occasion, they wish there were, but hard work, bitter competition and severe training have their compensations in a life that at least never grows dull.

Daphne Martin, Chief Hairdresser at Ealing Studios says, wryly : "At any other hairdressing job I shouldn't have to get up at five-thirty in the morning. At nine o'clock when other people are starting I have already done a day's work." But Miss Martin is an ambitious girl. So much so that when a summons came to report to Ealing Studios for a first interview (she was at that time working in a London salon) she cancelled a holiday to keep the appointment. The decision was worth while. Her test, taken before a committee of chief hairdressers from various film studios was successful and a week later she was at work at Ealing.

"I was on probation for two months learning such tricks as ageing a dark head with hair whitener (or bleach for a colour film). I had, too, to make an exhaustive study of period hair styles, so that given any date I could create the authentic style."

Long hours are a commonplace in the film studio but a hairdresser's hours are even longer than most. The day starts at seven (often earlier when the work is on location) with a shampoo for the stars. Actors are not always required on the set, but the hairdresser must be there all day, standing by to make last-minute adjustments before "takes." When a costume film is being made the day's shooting is not the end of the day for her. Wigs must be pinned on to blocks corresponding to the actor's heads; the hair dampened, recurled and baked in an oven overnight.

Before a film begins there are long conferences with star and directors. Then the Chief hairdresser creates a variety of hair styles which are photographed from all angles. From these a choice best suited to the actress and her rôle is made.

This is a highly coveted job (there is always a waiting list) but it calls for high qualifications, intelligence and considerable stamina. On location off Sicily while the *Master Of Ballantrae* was being made, Miss Martin was hoisted by rope over a rough sea to fetch some wigs for the star's doubles. Acrobatics are not part of the average hairdresser's qualifications, but anything can happen in film making and anything does. "Nobody paid me danger money," said the philosophical Miss Martin.

ANOTHER much sought-after job in the studios is the Continuity Girl's. Applicants do not always appreciate the extent to which this job demands efficiency and an almost superhuman composure.

A continuity girl is the director's right-hand woman. She works in a maelstrom of men and machinery and a volley of questions to which she must have the answers without a fault. She must be ready to work anywhere, at any time under any conditions. As Felicity Manheim says : "I have found myself typing on a pavement in Battersea and a mountain in Austria. If you can do that and keep your composure you may make a Continuity Girl."

Miss Manheim trained as a secretary as a first step towards her ambitions to work in a film studio. Her first job at Ealing got her no nearer the studio than the Postal Department, but she was not discouraged. She typed her way through Accounts, the Casting (*Continued on page* 64)

Jacques Fath

Lace Was Never Lovelier

. . . in Fashion and in the home it has regained its supremacy and renewed its beauty

IT went, like so many other things, when war turned the great lace-making centres of this country to other uses. In the years between we had almost forgotten how lovely, how delicately graceful and how bewildering versatile lace can be.

It appeared again, tentatively, feeling its way, so to speak, among the newcomers to the fashion scene—the synthetics, the new look textiles in endless variety that have bewitched our eyes since the looms were at work again. Then the great dressmakers seized upon it. Paris showed cascading yards of it in delicate evening dresses, suits and even coats were fashioned from it and Hartnell dressed our own Queen Elizabeth in it on many occasions of her Australian tour.

All the skill that is traditionally associated with commercial lace making in England has been brought to bear upon bringing this most lovely of materials into line with current taste and needs. In its latest forms it ranges from web-like delicacy to the heavier weight and substance suitable to street wear and soft tailoring. It has blossomed into unexpected colour.

Nylon thread, has inevitably invaded the field of lace investing it with such practical qualities that we can now look forward not only to wearing it but to the lavish use of it in the home.

Lace-edged linen—can any woman resist it?—table cloths and mats will be made of it and soon, we are told, curtains. The contemporary version of the lace curtain is still in the experimental stage, but it will come. The Brussels lace draperies, once the pride of Victorian windows, may not be attuned to contemporary taste and furnishings but lace at the windows in a modern trouble-free form has the sound of enchantment.

A Job On The Fringe

(*Continued from page* 63)

and the Production Departments and at last—after three years—she achieved a place as Assistant Continuity Girl.

Her working day is a stupendous series of accurate notes. When shooting is in progress her place is next to the camera, noting down action, positions, camera settings. When the shot is "in the can" all these notes have to be typed and collated. A film script is broken down into groups of scenes requiring the same set. For example, all scenes taking place on a particular set are shot consecutively although, in the story, days or even years may elapse between them. This is where the work of continuity comes in. While the shooting progresses a volley of queries assails her: "Is the right sleeve rolled up?" "What should the clock say?" "Is the window open or shut?" Since she also keeps a time sheet and takes dictation from the Director, she must, obviously, keep an ice-cool head and enjoy a placid temperament. At the end of the day there is a progress report to prepare—her job again—and the "end of the day" is an unpredictable point of time.

Time, is indeed, a factor that hardly exists in the film studio—at least in the sense that it applies to other jobs. The work of a film publicist, for instance, is never ended. When the lights of a crowded West End cinema foyer blaze upon the jewelled and scintillating stars at a Première it is simply more overtime for the film publicist.

People like Susan Storer, who is one of them, stand, so to speak, on the boundary line between the studios, the public and the press, to be shot at by all of them. She is part advertising expert, part journalist, part handyman to everybody from the representative of the local newspaper to the film star whose success it is her job to help promote.

During production, Miss Storer writes a synopsis of the story and prepares biographies of all the artistes for distribution in many places. She arranges and assists interviews with the press and organizes the press reception that coincides with a special showing of the film before its release to the public. For the star's "personal appearances" she plans every detail in advance and goes along herself as a sort of diplomatic bodyguard. She is, in fact, required to be a diplomat of no mean order and to sacrifice a normal private life in order to project herself into other people's. If you can do all those things and handle the strangely assorted types who impinge upon the film world there is a small chance of jumping the long queue who are waiting hopefully to get the jobs.

END

Eating In Paris

(*Continued from page* 48)

cut in small pieces, then add to the pimento and onions. Add a wineglass of water and one soup spoon of tomato purée. When it boils, put in the pieces of chicken and cook until tender (about 25–30 minutes for a tender chicken). Add salt, pepper, a pinch of Cayenne and crushed garlic to taste.

Madame Gafner in the rue Dauphine has a special way with Mousse au Chocolat. Melt 8 oz. of semi-sweet chocolate over a low flame and add 2–3 tablespoons of coffee and 3 walnuts of butter, stirring constantly. Separate the yolks from the whites of 6 eggs. Beat the yolks lightly and stir into the melted butter and chocolate, then cool. Whip ½ cup of cream and add 3 tablespoons of caster sugar. Beat the egg whites until completely stiff, fold the cream and egg white into the chocolate mixture and chill in the refrigerator.

From Chez Gorisse comes a recipe for an Omelette Béarnaise. Melt a mixture of butter and olive oil in a saucepan. Into it put ½ lb. of Jambon de Bayonne (smoked ham) cut in dice, 3 finely sliced onions, 2 pimentos and 3 peeled and seeded tomatoes. Add salt, pepper and a pinch of Cayenne. Reduce slowly for 3 hours.

Make an omelette in the usual way. When ready, place one big spoonful of the mixture on it, fold and serve at once.

END

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A Grand Night In Wallingford (*Continued from page 12*)

but she had the feeling they were both young, in their middle-twenties perhaps. The steersman had long limbs and an untidy shock of hair which was probably a sandy-brown. The oarsman had broad shoulders, with smarmed-down black hair. They looked an unpleasant couple. Where had they appeared from all of a sudden? Had they come down to the river-bank and stolen a skiff, the way other young men of their kind steal motor-cars? Grim speculations began to crowd on her. Had they been lying in a backwater, waiting to pounce till some promising prey turned up, some man and girl open to blackmail, or somebody like themselves getting on in years, who could be intimidated and robbed?

"Did you say anything, Kathy dear?"

"No, darling!"

"I must take myself in hand!" she told herself sternly. "I mustn't be an idiot! We're not the only people in the world with the right to go for a row in the evening. And yet . . . and yet . . . why don't these fellows try and forge ahead? They're a lot younger than Alfred. He'd give them a run for their money. But they don't do anything about it. They don't forge ahead. They don't drop back. They just keep their distance. What are they up to? Does Alfred know what's going on? Does he still think it's an echo?

"Darling!" said Alfred.

"Yes, dear?"

"The banks have become steep again, haven't they?" At that moment they were quite flat.

"You mean—because of the echo?" she asked.

"That's right."

"Yes. The echo's very distinct now, isn't it?"

"Very," he said. "Hungry, Kathy?"

"I'll enjoy my dinner."

"So will I. I'll put a bit of speed on."

"Yes, do, darling." He put a bit of speed on. So did the others, coming up behind.

"Who are they?" she asked herself. "What are they up to? What ought I to do?" The questions beat like a tack-hammer at the side of her skull. Ought she to scream at the top of her voice in the hope of attracting attention? There might well be someone on the towpath, but you couldn't see anything, the mist was so low.

Anyhow there wasn't any point in alarming Alfred. Perhaps the young men were just blazing fools, and this was their idea of a joke. If it wasn't a joke, and the young men wanted to try something on, what could she and Alfred do in their cockleshell, even though Alfred's hands were still so strong, and she wasn't a cripple, either. A hiss like snakes in undergrowth whispered beside her, on her left hand. The bank was thick with reeds along this reach of the river. If your skiff were tipped over into this stuff, you couldn't do much about it. She tugged at the rudder and they swung out into clearer water.

"There's not much to see yet, is there, darling?" he wanted to know.

"It's quite thick again."

"We ought to be somewhere near that lawn with the bronze Mercury, if it's still there. You remember?"

"I think I do," she murmured. "I don't see anything."

They rowed on. The young men in the following skiff rowed and kept their distance.

"Funny, isn't it?" observed Alfred, and chuckled. "The echo again! After all these years!"

"Very funny," she said faintly.

Once more silence fell between them. The two pairs of sculls splashed steadily, in exactly the same rhythm. The minutes passed. A wisp of mist coiled round her. It lay on her throat like a woollen scarf pulled tight. Upstream, on the Berkshire side, the mist lifted, like a dish-cover. There were lights on the bank.

"Darling!" she cried, her heart thumping. "Wallingford! I can see the landing-stage. We're nearly there!"

"Kathy!" he said quietly. "Don't be frightened, will you? They'll probably just go on. Or perhaps, now the joke's over, they'll turn back."

"You knew all the time?" she whispered.

"My hearing's pretty good," he chided her. "I wasn't taken in for more than a minute or two."

"We might have drawn into the bank sooner," she murmured.

"If they're after trouble, that wouldn't have stopped them. Besides——"

"Yes?"

"The programme said Wallingford. We've stuck to the programme so far. Oh!" The oar had struck the mud.

"Sorry, darling! I brought you in too soon."

"Take it easy, dearest." He thrust at the bank and they came into the clear again.

"Here we are. We're coming in. Ship your oar." Then her voice dropped to a tense whisper. "*Alfred they're coming in after us!*"

"Why shouldn't they? It's a public landing-stage. They probably want a drink at the Eagle. Ah, we're here!" The skiff grazed gently along the timbers. Kathy leaned over for the mooring-post and held on. He felt for the rope, and dropped a clove-hitch over the post. He was a tidy hand with a knot. "That's good. Step out, darling." It was a well-rehearsed routine. He steadied the boat, as she stepped out on to the landing-stage.

"We're in good time," she said. She tried hard to keep the panic out of her voice. The second boat was coming to against the downstream side of the landing-stage.

"Here you are, darling," said Alfred, and lifted the bag from between the thwarts. His voice was as steady as if they were at breakfast, and he was repeating an item from the radio. "Got it? Now the rugs." She took the rugs from him, too, then steadied the skiff as he landed.

THE young men had tied up their skiff. They had stepped ashore. They did everything very neatly and quickly. They could both see, of course. And they had no gear to think about.

"Looking forward to your dinner, darling?" asked Alfred. She pushed the bag towards him and he lifted it. The rugs were under her arm. She did not answer. The two young men were advancing towards them, moving almost without sound. Perhaps they wore rubber shoes.

But Alfred heard them. He could even hear that these were the movements of young men.

"Good evening, boys," he said. "Coming up for a drink?" He felt Kathy's arm within his own.

"Come, dear," she whispered. "I think we'll——"

Then a hand was clamped over her mouth, the hand of the tall young man. His eyes had so little colour, they were almost invisible. With the other hand he wrenched her away from Alfred. Then he held her as in a vice, clamped in the crook of his arm.

The stocky one dealt with Alfred. The face was not washed. He wore no collar. But his hair was trim and sleek. He took a lot of trouble with his hair.

"Your wallet!" he said. "Your watch! Everything you've got! Make it snappy!"

"Kathy," said Alfred. "Don't worry!" It was almost as if the young fellows were not there.

But Kathy had a good deal to worry about. She could see, and Alfred could not, the piece of lead piping which the stocky one had brought out of his pocket. She could see the water a foot or two from Alfred's back.

"Pipe down!" said the stocky one. "Or else!" He brandished the weapon.

"Kathy!" said Alfred. "They're only a couple of young fools. They've got it from the films. Don't be silly, boys!" he admonished them.

"Shut your trap!" said the stocky one. "One more peep out of you——"

"Go on! Let him have it!" growled the tall one. A sudden spatter of laughter hit the night like hail. Doubtless someone had opened a door in the hotel away up the lane there. Someone might be taking a walk down to the waterside. The stocky one raised the piece of lead piping high above his head. It stood poised there. In a moment it would have come thumping down on Alfred's skull.

"No!" screamed a woman's voice. It was Kathy's voice. Somehow, summoning a strength like that of a strong man, she had torn free from the metal grip round her waist. "You can't! *He's blind!*"

The piece of lead piping dithered high in air, then the hand that held it drooped and came down, as if the wrist were broken. Both young men stood there for a moment, for two moments, three, like upright logs. Their eyes were fixed in the sockets like glass balls. The tall one tried to shake a word out of his mouth but none came. Then the eyes swivelled, the limbs slackened. In a breath of time both were back at the waterside again, they had unhitched the rope from the post, they had jumped into the boat, they were careering down-stream as if the Furies themselves were after them, the Furies that smite the impious and lay them low.

"Hallo!" a voice cried from the lane. "What's going on there?"

"It's O.K.!" cried Alfred. "All right, Kathy?" he said softly. She threw her arms round him. "Silly young men," he went on. "All these films."

"I'm sorry, Alfred," she breathed.

"You have the bag all right?" He knew exactly what she was sorry about. He hated anybody to be told of his blindness.

"Yes, I have the bag," she said. "This way, darling."

It was a grand night in Wallingford again, the fire on the hearth, the piping-hot meal, the cosy room upstairs. Well up to Wallingford standard.

END

The £ s. d. Of Buying A House

(*Continued from page 13*)

Rates and taxes vary, but another £26 a year is an average addition for the £2,000 house, with proportionate increases on the others. One must insure—a small item, but it all mounts up; one must budget for upkeep. Local authorities reckon to cover maintenance on an average ten per cent of their rent roll, but a leaking roof, a seriously burst pipe, or dry rot, can make averages look very silly. Taking swings and roundabouts together, and allowing both for normal willingness to do one's own distempering and for tax rebates, perhaps £20 a year is a fair estimate for a £2,000 house in initially good condition. Altogether, the basic £128 swells to something more like £175-£180—and similar blotting pad calculations for the larger houses show a total annual outlay on the £2,500 house of about £210, on the £3,000 house of £250 or so.

Buying a house, in fact, means shouldering a solid long-term load whose weight it is easy to underestimate. The building societies have learned, in their own interest as much as from avuncular kindliness, to allow for over optimism; their working rule is that outgoings on interest and repayments must not exceed a quarter of the householder's net income—without, in general, counting that of his wife. (This rule justifiably irritates professional women; but the long-sighted societies know (*Continued on page 68*)

so silly . . . to be chilly !

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what babies can do to a career.) Thus a man earning £800 a year could buy a house at £2,000 or £2,500 under "Macmillan" rules, but could not aspire to one at £3,000.

Is the rule necessary and reasonable? The twenty-five per cent limit—not including rates, taxes and maintenances—is certainly far higher than the national average; that, thanks to subsidies and rent control, is a mere 10.3 per cent. The rule-of-thumb wisdom of earlier generations drew the line at twenty per cent. But why should proportions matter at all? So long as enough net income is left to feed, clothe and generally supply the family at a humanly possible standard, why worry because that family spends an unconventional amount on housing?

In strict logic, it shouldn't matter. But it is hard to be perfectly logical for twenty years on end. One has a certain income; one has—whatever one may resolve over those ingenious, skin-tight midnight budgets—certain ingrained notions about what that income should cover; notions which are unlikely to correspond to that "humanly possible minimum" standard of living, minus holidays, books, drinks, car, un-shoddy clothes, and amenities generally which "ought" to be perfectly endurable to strong-minded people bent on a worthwhile aim.

But it goes on for so long, so inordinately long. . . . The bigger the income, of course, the more room for manoeuvre. The £2,000-a-year man electing to live, in all respects except his house, at the £1,000-a-year level, subjects himself (and his wife) to much less strain than the £600-a-year man emulating an unskilled worker's standards. Prospects count, too; assumed promotion prospects justify a load which it would be idiotic to undertake without them—but there are prospective burdens, too; how big a family is there—or will there be? And what are the chances of needing, in the normal pursuit of one's livelihood, to pull up stakes and sell out, perhaps at a loss?

Circumstances differ. When the *Manchester Guardian* recently made a sample survey of middle-class budgets, the proportion spent on housing emerged as a wildly variable element, ranging from below the national average to nearly forty per cent of income. But when one adds to the building societies' maximum the necessary margin for other outgoings on "home account" it is plain that only a very resolute and rather eccentric purchaser would try to exceed it—and whatever his resolution there will assuredly be moments, deadly to domestic contentment, of reflecting on that very different, comparatively carefree, colourful life which he and his family have foregone.

A merry heart goes all the way—yes; and if all calculations are correct one emerges on the far side with a wonderful sense of achievement—yes. ("We started with nothing; and now!") Given luck and tenacity, the thing can be done, even starting from a budget which would give a building society gooseflesh. But is it—failing such luck—worth doing? Not for the normal couple with a normal desire to mix with their friends, give their children scope and fun, lose half a crown without feeling actively ill, sleep without doing accounts in their dreams. One does not want, even for a Dream House's sake, to spend the best years of one's life obsessed with brick and mortar as a miser with gold. Much as one hates to say it, Old Uncle Building Society is probably quite right.

END

The £s.d. Of Buying A House

On The Other Side Of The Chasm

(*Continued from page* 15)

"I wouldn't want my life planned for me by anybody. I wouldn't stand having my friends chosen for me—not for a minute! But—I'm *terribly* glad for the way Mummie keeps open house for anybody I like to bring home. . . ."

Mummie—who is my youngest sister—has not always liked the flotsam and jetsam brought home by young Meg—sometimes much as a cat brings in its mice. . . . But she has never cold-shouldered them.

You cannot sit back, wringing your maternal hands and drop them into your lap, where your daughter's life is concerned. She may work away from her home, but it is still your labour of love, your privilege—and your commitment—to make that home a background against which she may feel assured in a world where surety is only to be built of the heart and the spirit since it is obsolete in any material form.

You did your utmost for her as child and schoolgirl. You sacrificed many of your own desires to send her to a good school to give her a good home, to give her what are listed as advantages. Now, out and on her own, she sometimes baffles you by acquiring intimates who don't come up to your standards. Or even of whom you actively disapprove. You ask yourself, not without bitterness, was it worth it? . . .

As I see it, the only answer is that your job is not finished, something to be written off. It is continuous. You have not sent her out into the big wood like Red Riding Hood, with a well-packed basket on her arm, and that's the end of it.

If her home is still as open to her as your heart is and your arms are, then take a rather longer view.

"*Ye have need of patience,*" said St. Paul to one of the early churches: I always feel that he might have addressed that reminder to the parents of the world for as long as time shall last. . . . Make her friends feel at home in her home. Don't lie awake o'nights because you're convinced that she is all set to marry that impossible young Tom, Dick or Harry. See to it that other young people are also available. . . .

Girls, as often as not (and young men *more* often than not, by a long chalk), go through stages of acquiring people whom, later on, they thank Heaven, not fasting, but with peals of laughter, that they did not marry. I speak from experience here . . . I've done some lying awake over girls whom my sons brought home . . . and lived to see them married or engaged to girls whom I could not love better or admire more if they were my own daughters.

There is, of course, as Jane Austen's immortal Emma said of her own match-making, "*a something between the do-nothing and the do-all.*" It will be no fun for anyone concerned if the men and girls of *your* choice are held up to your restive and independent daughter as a nice contrast to the ones whom *she* seems to prefer. It was a lifelong joke between my husband and myself that we married in spite of overwhelming family encouragement. When he came to England from China, my aunt in Shanghai had sped him on his way with these helpful words:

"Now, marry one of the girls of the family . . . and marry Kit, if you can. . . ." (I was her favourite niece, Heaven help me).

He confided to me, long after, that he landed, determined that if there was one girl in England whom he wouldn't marry, it was me. . . .

However—even family zeal didn't succeed in keeping us apart! Which is, perhaps, a proof of something which I steadfastly believe, namely, that if you love your child enough, however many well-meaning mistakes you make, they will not be fatal ones.

One hears—and sees—a good deal of the maladjustments between parent and child, and the resultant and enduring harm. I can only say that whenever and wherever I have been in a position to study at close range any such case, the root of the trouble (sometimes admitted, sometimes unacknowledged) has lain in the fact that the child was never so whole-heartedly loved as every child needs to be. I know too many daughters whose mothers only wanted sons. . . .

Love is not just a primitive emotion. It's a job, like any other. And, like most women's work, never finished. . . .

END

The Girl Who Wanted To Dance

(*Continued from page* 19)

conversation from the bed. "The trouble is, you see, Mr. Uriah, the trouble is that all crutches are so terribly heavy, really. I am only a little girl, and my muscles have never become strong like other children's. Mummy has asked Doctor to get some special crutches. He says that ones made of light alloy and plastic are only to be had from America which is a long way away. Isn't it silly, Mr. Uriah? They make ordinary crutches but not terribly light ones that a weak little girl like me can use."

Uriah didn't know what to say to her. He could have spoken for an hour on the crazy follies and cantankerous stupidities of the modern way of life, but he knew that it would not do much practical good in this case. So all he said was: "America *is* a long way away, as you say."

Morwenna's mother put her weight on the handles of the bed ready to be on her way, and she answered:

"A long way away, and we shall have to wait a little time, I daresay."

Uriah noticed the tears again in her eyes. Seeing his concern, the mother hastily started to push the bed along the level road.

"Goodbye, Mr. Uriah," called Morwenna.

The old vagrant lifted his battered trilby hat in a mannerly and gentlemanly way. He never remembered a time when he had lifted his hat before, but now there was a natural courtesy, and a responding dignity.

Morwenna waved to him from the bed, and then she was taken down the road, between the hedges and the bordering cornfields.

URIAH walked on slowly until he came to his camping-place by the river. There he sat down on a stone and knew quite certainly what now his task must surely be.

For half an hour he rested, and then lit a fire with dry thorns and old, dead ivy leaves. He made the fire in the crafty way of vagrants; with a great log along one side to hold the wind, and on a bed of flat river-stones. On this fire he heated water in an old, blackened tin with a wire handle, and made strong tea. For food he opened a tin of baked beans; in his youth, Uriah had been taught by his parents all the various ways of living off the game and fish of the countryside, but he had discovered that his heart was too tender for much killing. He found it less harmful to his pride to buy tins of beans and soups in the village stores, than to set a snare.

The tea drunk, and the beans eaten, Uriah lay back in the sun, with his hat over his face and his hands under his head. He was planning and scheming, and for once his mind was not on eternal philosophies.

Suddenly, with a laugh, Uriah sat up and smacked his hands together. Then he went to where he had laid down the finished sticks, and the rough-cut unfinished stems. He brought the bundles back to the fire and there started work with his pocket-knife. He cut and he trimmed, sometimes using also a small, broken sawblade taken from his sack of possessions. And he used parts of a coil of G.P.O. telephone wire taken from a length of line which had fallen in a storm. Uriah had borrowed this to replace his father's watch which had been confiscated by a constable many years ago. With this wire, and using the fire for shaping the wood by bending and charring, Uriah made these new things which he had (*Continued on page* 70)

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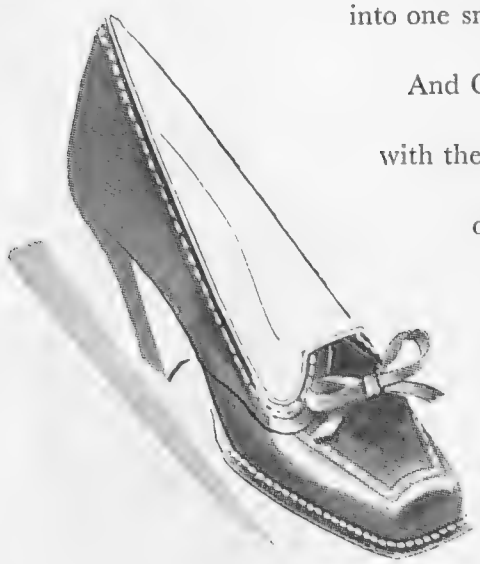

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never created before. It took him an hour to make one, but the second he made in half the time. Then he held them up in the air and looked at them.

The pair of crutches which Uriah had fashioned with the walking-stick-maker's art that day would have been a great credit and glory to any surgical instrument maker. They were extremely light, for the woods Uriah had used had strength and toughness. And they were strong enough to hold a great man, certainly a small girl of twelve. The only thing that Uriah was uncertain about was their final length; he had left the legs of the crutches long, so that he could finally cut and secure them with ferrule bands when he had measured the height of Morwenna.

Then he varnished them, using the special resin preparation.

Now, he thought, to find her home and to give her the present which would, one day, enable her to dance.

URIAH went back to the village to which he had seen the bed and the crippled girl being taken. It was a long-streeted place of gentle bends, and with a grey church sober on a hill. At one end was a smithy. The smith there knew Uriah, for the old wanderer's father had cured the smith, when a child, of a great ringworm which had threatened his life. Uriah knew that he would get help and information today.

The smith was working on the inside of a tractor; horses had ceased to be used, and this man had cunningly learned mechanics so that his living might be secure. He looked up, and greeted Uriah as if the wanderer had come from the house next door.

"Weather is in good health, Uriah."

The old traveller gave a brief nod, and then spoke quickly, knowing that the smith was a busy man.

"See here, Edwards, I am looking for a girl who is crippled from the waist downwards, and who has this day been pushed by her mother along the road in the sunshine. She is about twelve, I would say."

The smith was wiping his oily forehead. Then he paused and pointed at the small, dainty crutches.

"You made those for her?"

Uriah smiled in answer and the smith went on: "You're an old saint, Uriah, like your father was before you. You'll be like an angel to her, bringing those. They say she's been aching for a pair, but the light sort can only be got from America. Her parents are not rich."

"I hope she will like them, Edwards. They may be a bit long and so——"

"And so, Uriah, bring 'em back here for any adjusting you want to do. I'll fix the ferrule rings on, too, as I've a vice."

"That will help. Many thanks."

"You'll find their house by the bottom of the church lane, Uriah, it's the one covered with ivy opposite the Wesleyan chapel."

"I know it. Good-day, Edwards, for now. See you later."

"See you later," answered the smith.

Uriah walked down the sunlit village street carrying a pair of light crutches. He came to the house which was covered with ivy.

The old vagrant knocked on the front door. The woodwork needed painting; the curtains were old, but clean. He guessed that all the money from this cottage went to buying treats and treasures for the little girl who could not walk, yet who wanted to dance.

After a while the door was opened and a small, sad-faced little man stood there. He spoke quickly, as if he did not want callers:

"No beggars or hawkers, if you please."

He had started to close the door again when Uriah lifted up the crutches and thrust them towards him. And the old wanderer's voice was rich with authority:

"Stop," he called, "I have come to see Morwenna."

The little man blinked, and then shuffled back into the house calling: "Maggie."

After a half-minute the woman Uriah had seen on the road, pushing the portable bed, came to the sunlit doorway.

"It's you again, Mr. Uriah?"

Uriah held out the pair of crutches.

"I have made these for her, so that she can learn to walk a bit and then learn to dance a bit, just like the sparrows."

The woman's face became suddenly wet with tears and she took the crutches and held them, delicately as flowers, one in either hand.

"For her?" she said. "For her? Did you make them yourself for her so quickly?"

"I did," said Uriah.

"My," said Morwenna's mother, her voice harsh with emotion, "my, but you are good. She will be terribly, terribly pleased."

"They may be a bit long," said Uriah, "can you measure them against her and tell me how much I have to cut off, please?"

"Come in," said the woman, "come in and give them to her yourself."

"I am not fit for houses."

The woman interrupted him: "You are fit for heaven, and it's not blasphemy to say it. Come in."

The sad-faced man came forward from the back of the hallway and helped Uriah, awkward with his bundle among walls, into the house. The woman gave Uriah the crutches and pointed to the door of the small front parlour.

"She's in there, let's go in there, all of us."

They went inside, Uriah coming last. He had expected a rather dingy room, but was amazed at its cheerfulness. There was gay wallpaper, and bright prints; and a blue carpet on the floor.

And centre of the room, on the wheeled bed, was the little girl. She was sitting up among pillows, with school-books around her; a blue ribbon in her hair matched the carpet on the floor.

Her mother spoke:

"Here is Mr. Uriah to see you again, Morwenna. She is doing some of her lessons, Mr. Uriah. She has a teacher who comes down from the school for half-an-hour a day. They are very good to her."

"Hallo, Mr. Uriah," called Morwenna. She was as gay as the room; the slight haunting quality which he had noticed before in her voice had quite gone.

"Hallo," called back Uriah, "see what I have brought you."

He put his large sack down, and lifted up the crutches from the hallway.

The crippled girl gave a great shriek of delight, as might any other child on seeing a wonderful present.

"Oh, oh, are those for *me*, Mr. Uriah?"

"Yes, Morwenna, I have made them for you. They are light and strong, but they might be just a little bit too long. Your Mummy and Daddy will measure them for length. I will go outside while they do that."

Morwenna took the light, wonderfully made crutches; she held them tightly, as if afraid that she might lose them again. Then, old Uriah went to the hallway. From there he could hear them lifting her up; the sighs of the bed, the clap of the crutches as they touched each other. After a while Morwenna's mother called:

"Come in, Mr. Uriah, come in and see."

The crippled girl was out of the bed and encased in a long, red dressing-gown. The crutches were under each arm, and she was laughing. Her father was on one side, and her mother on the other. It was the girl who said: "Perfect, Mr. Uriah, just perfect."

"How pleased I am. Are you sure they are right for length?"

"See, Mr. Uriah," said Morwenna.

She made a swing of one crutch, and with a bite of her lips, moved forwards one step.

The three adults gave a cheer.

"But you must have a ring of metal on the bottom," said Uriah. "I will take them to the smith who has promised to do it."

But Morwenna hugged the crutches to her body.

"Oh no, please, don't take them away."

"All right dear," said her mother, "all right. I'll tell you what we'll do. Daddy shall take them to the smith tomorrow, if Mr. Uriah agrees to that?"

"Fine with me," answered Uriah.

"Stay for tea," said Morwenna's father, his sad face now merry with smiles.

"Yes, do," said the woman.

But Uriah shook his head, and played his fingers in the ends of his beard.

"No thanks. I must be going."

Standing on her new crutches, made by the art and craft of a vagrant, Morwenna called: "You've made me very happy, Mr. Uriah. Next time you come by, call in and you will see me dancing."

"I will, never fear."

The old wanderer picked up his bag; when it was on his shoulder Morwenna called, suddenly: "Mummy, give Mr. Uriah that wonderful leather valise I made last winter."

The mother went to a box of leather-working things by the fireplace and picked out a great hold-all, made from leather.

"That's for you, Mr. Uriah," said Morwenna. "I make them and sell them for pocket money. You have it."

"No."

Uriah shook his head violently. But the father came forward and thrust the valise into the old vagrant's brown hands:

"Take it, take and remember what happiness you gave a little girl, old friend."

Uriah tucked the hold-all under his arm.

"Well, thank you all, very much."

THEN, not knowing what more to say, he stumbled through the hallway and out into the sunshine of the village street. Passing the parlour window he saw that they were waving to him, the three of them. Half blinded by unknown emotion he waved vaguely back to them, and walked along the street towards the open country. Passing the smithy he called in:

"Crutches were okay, Edwards, they'll be in for the ferrules tomorrow some time. Make a good job of it, won't you?"

The smith was still working on the tractor, and he looked up to reply:

"I will—" then he paused a moment and went on, "—man, what is the matter with you? Are you crying or laughing, Uriah? I can't tell with that beard of yours, and your back is to the sun."

Uriah, afraid that his voice would betray the innocent emotions of childhood which were within him, turned his back on the cool smithy and ran along the road between the meadows and the cornfields.

After a while he went into a wood, and there transferred all his belongings from the old sack into the new hold-all. Then he pitched the sack into a tree, and went on his way into the western evening sunshine. If any policeman asked him from where he had got that wonderful leather bag, let the constable go and search for the truth of the matter. Perhaps by that day Morwenna would be dancing, if not like a queen of the Spanish gipsies, at least with the ungrey joy of a free sparrow.

END

Why Waste Words?

(*Continued from page* 16)

1. His suit was a raucous brown with *apparent* checks.
2. The rain *oozed* from the *saturated* clouds.
3. Myers' (old clothes) shop was full of the *abandoned raiment* of *discarded splendour*.
4. The *turgid spiralling* of the great waves lifted the (ship's) bows.
5. He had *brindled* hair and a *chopped fringe* moustache.
6. In our kind of plane I could not see how we could possibly fly over those *explosive obstacles* of cloud.
7. Two men walked across the yard, their pipes *jutting*, their *meaty* faces beaming with pleasure.
9. Before (the whale), far out on the *woolly textured* waters went the shadow from his broad, milky forehead.
10. Mr. Prang, with a flourish of *smoked sausage* fingers, rang the bell.
11. A glade of bluebells, where you sit on the silver trunks of birch trees, and with a *recumbent* oak for your *uneasy* table.
12. I looked up into a light blue sky with clouds in it like shreds of *trailed gauze*.
13. We went down the precarious steps.
14. There was something uneasy about the *overburdened* sky *menacing* darkness across the distance.

END

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I'll Never Leave Him (*Continued from page 31*)

house, and Mike said, "Can't I persuade you to stay longer in town?"

"It's impossible. Really. The business I came to do for Bruce is finished and I must hurry back."

"Supposing you got married, what would he do then?"

She looked surprised, but said matter-of-factly, "I wouldn't get married. I'll never leave him all alone. He's—crippled. That awful fighting in New Guinea when the Japs"—she flung out her hands as if to ward off the picture. Then suddenly she stood still, there in the garden, with darkness gathering and the fragrance of the frangipani almost a tangible thing around them. "But here am I talking to you as if I'd known you forever!"

Mike's eyes went over her face in a long look before he said, "Have you ever had a boy friend, Penny?"

She shook her head.

"Another question. Do you ever invite brazen Americans to your station?"

She blinked, and Mike went on quickly, "I have to work fast, or I'll lose sight of you."

Penny smiled. "I'm only hesitating because we don't have many guests. There's not much time to be social with all the work there is to do. But if you'd like to come on that basis, certainly you are invited."

"Suits me. I can work. And let me say I don't generally go around inviting myself here and there."

"No?" she teased. "Why not?"

"That's the wrong question. The right one is why did I this time?"

"I don't have to ask why. I know. You want to meet Bruce."

"I do not! I mean, of course I do. But——"

They laughed. Then he took her arm. "Let's go in," he said, "before I get more confused."

THE following day, on the train, he glanced at the map in his hands. "It says here 'Blue Mountains,' but imagine their actually being blue!"

"Australia has a lot of astonishing things," Penny said.

"It certainly has! Blue valley for miles, then blue ridges as far as you can see—yet it's all green trees! Or maybe it's nonsense."

"No, it's atmosphere."

He returned her smile. Then, somehow managing to be energetic even sitting still, he said, "I'm in a hurry to see your station."

"You'll like it—I think."

"You're crazy about it, aren't you? There you go! Your face all lighted up again! That's the way I feel about New York. I live on Manhattan and from my windows I see the midtown skyline."

"You live in sight of that! Oh, do tell me about it."

So he talked New York and his job there till they began to feel hungry and Penny got out the lunch they had brought with them.

A small boy, sitting opposite, eyed every bite they took, till Penny gave him a sandwich. Then she produced a biscuit for each person in the compartment. Mike called them cookies, thereby enchanting everyone, and suddenly they were all talking to him, asking questions about fabulous America and telling him the places their menfolk had visited there during the war.

Mike had that same absorbed expression he had had looking at Sydney Harbour the night before—as if each moment were being carefully stored for future reference. Penny realized she was listening to the groundwork of good reporting and was almost sorry when everyone was talked out and Mike leaned back to give his attention again to the countryside.

The bush streamed by the train window. Mile on mile of the land she loved. Her companion was storing up impressions of that, too, she could see.

"I suppose it'll be dark when we reach Oparina," he said. "Is that an aboriginal name?"

"Yes. It means Place of the Gumtrees. Let's talk more about New York. Can you see the Empire State Building from your windows?"

"So you've heard of our Empire State way out here! Sure, I can see it."

Penny's "Oh-h!" was almost reverent. "If I thought I'd see that some day!"

"You will."

"How do you know?"

"Because I'm going to show it to you myself. You'll be living in New York."

Penny's expression said that was too silly to even smile at, and the press, looking at her out of the corner of its eye, discreetly dropped the Empire State.

AT seven o'clock next morning, Mike, in slacks and sports shirt, was sitting on the verandah rail at Oparina. His glance lingered on the attractively haphazard garden with its beds spilling over with flowers, then went beyond, to the brown country that rolled away to a horizon edged with gumtrees.

"Good morning!"

Mike sprang off the railing and went up to the man who stood in the doorway. "'Morning, sir!"

"Oh, now! cut out the 'sir.' My name's Bruce, you know."

"Thanks." Mike's smile came quickly and it stayed as he got his first daylight impression of this brother of Penny's.

He looked younger than he had the night before, perhaps because the stiffened, dragging leg and the artificial foot seemed not quite so poignant with the sun shining. He was slight, with greying sandy hair and a keen face. It had the same compactness Penny's had, and his eyes the same forthright look.

"I see what Penny meant," Mike said. "She thinks you're out of this world."

Bruce smiled that off. Dexterously managing the crutch, he eased himself into a chair and looked up at his guest. "This your introduction to a sheep station?"

"Yes. But there don't seem to be any sheep."

"They're out there," Bruce waved toward the paddocks. "About seven thousand of them, and three thousand lambs a few weeks old."

"Seems a heck of a lot to a city lad. How big is the station?"

"Eighteen thousand acres."

"However do you keep track of the sheep on all that land?"

"Still asking questions!" laughed Penny, coming out to the verandah.

In a tweed skirt and blue pullover sweater, she looked even more captivating than Mike had seen her yet, and he greeted her with a delighted, "Hallo, there!"

"Hallo! Like the bush?"

"I'll say I like it! How *do* you keep track of the sheep?"

"I don't!" Penny turned to her brother. "You take him, Bruce." She knew nothing gave him more pleasure than a chance to tell how a sheep station operates, and she sat on the railing beside Mike, listening as carefully as he did.

"Could I do some shearing?" he asked, as Bruce finished.

"Shearing's over. That's why Penny was in Sydney—to see the wool brokers. But she can show you how we do it."

She slid off the rail. "There's time for a quick look before breakfast."

WHEN they had seen the woolshed and the yards and dip, she said, "Let's go to Wearyfoot Paddock and look at some of the lambs."

"Wearyfoot is a cute name."

"Isn't it! Sheep mustered from the distant paddocks are tired when they reach here, so—Wearyfoot. Here we are. See how the new white wool is beginning to darken?" She pointed over the wire fence to the ewes that plodded hastily away to a safe distance, their lambs scampering after them.

Mike laughed at the ungainly little creatures, then his eyes wandered off over the paddock. Out of sight it stretched, acre on acre of that cleared ground that didn't look as rich as it must be, with an occasional gumtree left standing for what small amount of shade it gave.

All so still. So quiet. There was a timelessness about it, and Mike found it hard to withdraw himself.

"It has something . . ." his voice trailed away.

"Yes," Penny said softly. Then she glanced at her watch. "Kate hates us to be late for meals. She's been here since Bruce was a baby and we love her."

They went back to the house, past the white and mauve lilac bushes and the bougainvillia. Mike stopped. "Colour!" he exclaimed. "Colour everywhere! Red roof, green lawns, yellow tennis court, all those bright flowers, that absurdly blue sky, and"—he looked down at Penny—"your blue eyes!"

She smiled. "Colour seems to go to your head."

"No, it doesn't. But you do." He held out his hand. "Come on! Mustn't make Kate mad my first morning here."

The days were filled with work, as Penny had said they would be. There was time for some tennis, though, and, one afternoon, she and Mike had a picnic in a gully not far away, when he was initiated into the making of billy-tea.

He watched Penny fling the tea-leaves into boiling water in a billy-can strung across an open fire, his scepticism increasing when he saw an ant and some twigs in the concoction she stirred with a stick. But when he took a sip, his eyes met hers in quick appreciation. "Maybe any stray ingredient is to the good," he grinned.

In the evenings, after dinner, they talked, sitting on the steps, with Bruce in his chair on the verandah. When the three of them had pulled the world to shreds and put it together again, Penny and Mike would go for a walk, the moonlight dappling them through the trees, and the mournful cry of the curlews sounding far off.

"The time is going too fast," Mike kept complaining.

The day before he was to leave, Penny and he were out boundary riding. They dismounted for a rest, dropping the reins and letting their horses graze.

The sun blazed down on the bush that reached endlessly into the distance, the gaunt, yet graceful gums looking like trees in paintings against the hard blue sky. No air moved, and there was utter silence except for an occasional crackle of heat in the brown grass.

Mike held up his hand. "Listen! The quietness! I'm falling under the spell of this land of yours."

"Watch out! Once you really fall, it's got you for good."

"By golly, it's got me. Thank goodness, one can fly across the Pacific now—we'll be able to hop back often."

"*We?*"

Mike's eyes met hers squarely. "That slipped out. It wasn't supposed to—yet." He came towards her. "Penny!"

She stepped back. "Oh, Mike! I didn't want this to happen!"

"It's never been out of my mind since that first night in Sydney." He took her in his arms. "I want to marry you quick. Say yes!" he begged.

"But I told you I wouldn't get married!" She let him hold her a minute, then drew away. "I told you!"

Through the hot, still air a chill came over him as he stared down at her. "But that was before we both cared like this! Or—or don't you?"

She didn't answer at once. Then, "I'm not getting married," she said briefly, and reached for her reins. "I'm sorry."

Mike shot out, "Penny, wait!" She turned, and his words (*Continued on page 74*)

fell fast. "I'm not forgetting you said you wouldn't leave Bruce, but, when it comes to the point, no one carries a sense of duty that far!"

They faced each other, and suddenly there was no endless bush, no glaring sunshine, no crackle of heat, no crunching as the horses grazed—there was just Mike's tense face and Penny's voice saying tightly, "Maybe you should be told more about it."

Mike tilted forward the wide-brimmed hat he had borrowed from Bruce. "Let's get out of the sun, then."

They sat in the scanty shade of a tall gnarled gum close by.

PENNY shook her head to the cigarette that was silently offered, then took a deep breath. "I'll have to go back to early 1939, when my mother died. Dad was so bowled over at losing her that he was going to let Aunt Gwen take me. She would have bundled me right off to Sydney if it hadn't been for Bruce. I was only seven, but he knew I had the bush in my bones and said there was no reason, with Kate here, why I shouldn't live where I belonged. Aunt Gwen stormed, the way she does, but Bruce saw to it that I stayed. And nothing I can ever do will repay him. A few months later, war came and he went into the army. Dad stocked very heavily, with the extra need for wool, and he had to work so hard that in a couple of years he collapsed. He died before Bruce came home. By then, everything was in a mess, though Derwent—Kate's husband, you know—had done his best to carry on. But Bruce took hold and got the place on its feet, even if he couldn't get on his."

"There's your Military Cross guy for you," Mike said gruffly.

Penny nodded. "He's been braver here than he ever was in New Guinea."

"What about Aunt Gwen? Between your father's death and Bruce's return?"

"Oh. Aunt Gwen. By that time I knew how to be useful and there were no men available, so even a ten-year-old girl could help. Aunt Gwen has shares in the station, so it was all right with her. Anyway, she was absorbed in war work and didn't want me around. You'd think Bruce wouldn't have wanted to be bothered either, but he helped me with my lessons from the correspondence school and gave me a wonderful time. When I was fourteen, we decided I'd better go to boarding-school for a couple of years. And this is where Kathie Randolph comes in—not that she hadn't always been part of our lives. She lived on the next station, she was the prettiest, most popular girl in the district, ten years younger than Bruce who had never been in love with anyone else, and she threw him over because he couldn't ride any more."

Mike frowned incredulously.

"It's true. She was one of the best horsewomen in Australia—never entered a show that she didn't win every blue ribbon—and she couldn't face being married to a man who'd never again get on a horse. She strung him along till after the war, then went on a visit to England. When I came home for my first Michaelmas holidays, Bruce told me she wasn't coming back, that she was marrying someone over there. Just the bare fact, no comment. There didn't need to be any—his face was enough. I was so scared for him I wouldn't go back to school."

AFTER a moment, she went on, "I see Kathie's picture in the society magazines—at hunt breakfasts and balls. While Bruce—oh, Mike, don't you see? It's not a question of duty! How could I pack up my own happiness, wave goodbye and just walk out on him?"

Mike covered his cigarette stub with earth, then folded his arms across his knees and stared ahead.

Penny looked pleadingly at him. "Aren't you going to say something?"

He kept his eyes away from her. "What is there to say? Except that you're putting Bruce in a hell of a spot. If he knew——"

Penny stiffened. "He must never know! And if you tell him——"

Mike looked at her then. "Don't worry. I won't." He stood up, hands in pockets, face remote.

Penny's eyes fell. "This is your last day. We were supposed to be happy."

"Sure. Happy as all get-out." He kicked a stone. "I don't get this idea. I don't get it at all. But what you say has to go, I suppose."

Penny stood up, opened her mouth to speak, then started toward her horse.

"What, Pen? What were you going to say?"

She turned and stumbled into his arms. "I don't know—I don't know! I love you so terribly, Mike! But there's nothing I can do about it."

He pushed back the brim of her straw hat that was pressed against him and kissed her. A long kiss. Then just held her.

"Oh, Mike, Mike!" she choked. "It's dreadful to do this to you."

"As long as I know you care, I can wait."

"No!" She pulled away from him, taking refuge in abruptness. "It's no use!"

"But—Penny! Listen!"

"It's absolutely no use! And I don't want to talk about it any more."

She ran to her horse, jerked the reins over its head and was astride in a flash. "We haven't nearly finished the fences."

A FEW weeks later, she walked into the small building that was post office and telephone exchange combined, in the township twelve miles from Oparina.

The postmistress greeted her cosily, adding, "No letter from your American friend."

For an instant, Penny didn't answer, then, grabbing what mail there was, she turned to go. "It could be," she threw over her shoulder, "that a busy reporter has other things to do than write to me."

Her tone was so frigid it startled her nearly as much as it did the postmistress. Penny stopped in her tracks and managed to produce a mollifying smile. "It really could, you know! How's Christopher, Mrs. Jones? . . ."

Not that she cared how Christopher was. Not that she cared about anything, she told herself as she got in the car. She started the engine and almost flung the gearshift into first. Of course there was no letter from Mike! Hadn't she begged him not to write, except for his bread-and-butter letter?

She drove faster than she should have along the township's one street. It was deserted except for a couple of men coming out of the bar of the two-story hotel.

The sun beat starkly down, but Penny only vaguely realized how hot it was. These days, there was room in her mind for but one thing—Mike. And that hurt enough, without having someone such as Kate or Mrs. Jones forever lying in wait to make it worse.

If people would only drop the subject! For heaven's sake, Mike was back in New York, turned down as thoroughly as any man ever was! Never again would he be sitting beside her, laughing, with his head thrown back.

"Oh, Mike!" she groaned.

SHE drove past the railway station that was little more than a shed, with the inevitable corrugated-iron roof, to the siding where some of the Oparina sheep would be loaded in a couple of days.

Bruce was there. "Ready?" she called, and he came towards her, walking with extra deliberation on the gravel.

They left the township and turned into a narrow, bumpy bush road. Bruce took off his hat and wiped his streaming face. "Feels like snow," he said.

This was Penny's cue to carry on a dead-pan conversation about the blizzard that was raging in Darwin, with the temperature at 120 in the shade and no shade. And had he heard about the station in central Queensland so badly snowed-in that food had to be dropped by parachute?

The gag didn't seem funny any more. In fact, Penny wondered how they could ever have been so infantile as to find it amusing. But before Mike came——

There he was, back in her mind! And suddenly she couldn't stand it. Any nonsensical chatter was better than that. She glanced up at the cloudless sky. "Gracious! You're right—it's snowing now!"

Bruce was looking abstractedly around the car. "Where's my tobacco?"

"Oh!" She stepped on the brake. "I knew I'd forgotten something!"

Her eyes met Bruce's with such an ashamed expression that he laughed.

"Hurray! I've been waiting for years for you to do that, conscientious little bloke that you are."

"Shall we go back?"

"No, no. Any mail worth having?"

Penny handed it to him, then started up again. "I'm awfully sorry, Bruce."

"Doesn't matter. I'll live." He riffled through the letters. "Nothing much here. Young Christopher Jones has been lodging complaints with me. He wants some United States stamps and why doesn't Miss Penny's young man write to her?"

"I'm sick of Christopher!" Penny burst out. "My mail is my affair. So is my lack of mail."

"Naturally," Bruce said mildly.

Penny bit her lip. "I didn't mean to be cross. But it gets on my nerves that I can't either get or not get a letter without comment around here."

"Nothing new about it. Christopher's been collecting stamps for five years now. No doubt he'll get worse as time goes on. He—there's a broken wire!"

Penny glanced back at the fence. "I'll mend it. Derwent's so busy."

Bruce grunted. "I take a very dim view of you mending fences."

"I don't see why."

"You would if you were me. You've been working too hard lately, anyway."

"I'm all right," she said shortly. "I like working hard."

The only thing that bothered her about work was the fear she would run out of it. And then what? Unoccupied, how would she keep the longing for Mike at bay?

THERE was always the wood-heap, though, and with fifteen minutes to spare before lunch she couldn't get there fast enough.

She had just started when Bruce came slowly around the corner of the shed. At the scraping of his leg on the ground, she stopped. That sound was part of the trap she was caught in. Because of it, she couldn't marry Mike.

She began to chop wildly. Noise! She wanted noise—to drown out that scrape, scrape, scrape.

She swung at a small log on the chopping-block, bringing the axe down hard. It glanced off a knot and crashed to the ground, a fraction of an inch from her foot.

For an instant, she stared at the blade embedded in the hard earth. Then Bruce's frozen silence drew her eyes to him.

The axe was out of his vision and she must let him know it had not harmed her, but she seemed to have no voice. Numbly, she shook her head.

His face lost its tautness. "Sit down! Your knees are probably wobbling."

They were, indeed, and Penny sank beside the axe at its crazy angle.

Bruce came forward, and, taking his crutch from under his arm, slid gingerly on to the block.

"Seems I have a job on my hands," he said, "if I'm to keep you all in one piece. Mike's liable to feel one in the family short a foot is enough."

Penny gasped. All her care gone for nothing!

"W-what's Mike got to do with this?" she managed to say.

"Oh, come now, Tuppence! I'm not trying to poke my nose into your business, you know. But running yourself ragged is one thing, and chopping yourself up is quite another."

"The axe just slipped."

"In the state you're in, it might just slip again with less fortunate results and then what would I say to Mike?"

"Mike! Mike!" Penny flared. "Everybody brings up Mike! (*Continued on page 76*)

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I don't want to talk about him. I want to be left alone."

"I doubt if people will do that. It wasn't exactly a secret that he was in love with you. And that you liked him. He's one of the best—why wouldn't you like him? But now he doesn't write and you dive into an orgy of work, and there you are—tongues start wagging." After a moment, he added, "I know how you feel. And I have left you alone."

"I know," Penny said in an ashamed tone. "I didn't mean to be so objectionable just now. I don't see how you stand me around."

"I don't either!"

They grinned, and for the first time in weeks Penny relaxed a little.

"That's better," Bruce said.

Penny's glance wavered, and suddenly she began to cry.

"Miss Penny!" Kate called from the back verandah. "Lunch!"

"Be there in a minute," Bruce answered, then he said to Penny, "got a handkerchief?"

She felt in her pocket for one. "I don't want Kate to know I cried."

"She's rather a problem, isn't she? Can't seem to get it into her head that you're not still a little girl. She told me she's pretty sure you refused Mike because you wouldn't go off and leave me. Such rubbish! As if you'd do such a thing."

There was a pause, and into it Penny threw a shaky, "Of course not."

"You'll get married when you're good and ready. And with no worry about Oparina or me. I have a good scheme in view."

"You have? I—I didn't know."

"I'm going to have some of Geoff Barlow's amputee cases up here. For years he's been wanting me to do it, but I was in no state for rehabilitating myself, let alone anyone else. Besides, you had a right to grow up in home surroundings, not a sort of convalescent place.

I'll Never Leave Him

Now, though, I'm ready to do a job to help some of those chaps get adjusted. That out there could help, too," he gestured to the hushed country all around. "Maybe they'll grow to love it and decide to go on the land themselves. Anyway, I'm keen about the whole idea."

Penny stood up. Her voice was too choky for her to say anything.

"Miss Pen-n-ny! Lun-n-nch!"

"Com-ing!" Bruce called. He fumbled for his crutch.

Penny was careful not to offer to help him. Instead, she eased the axe out of the ground.

"Be with you in a minute," she said, and walked into the shed.

Maybe you couldn't protect people, but at least it was all right to take care of tools. She put the axe carefully away.

END

Freedom Is A Snare (*Continued from page* 38)

cope with it. They expect one to put one's whole life into Ardley's. And as you know, I have other interests."

She smiled at him, waiting for his answering smile that could light his young, eager face in a way that wrung her heart and made her exult. But he didn't smile.

"You're hungry," she said then, instantly contrite. "Oh dear, Bridie did choose the worst moment for her visit. The stew's all ready——"

"Stew nothing," said Steve. "Get changed and let's go out. We've been in too much lately."

He was already at the door, suit over one arm, when she said:

"But Steve, be sensible. The stew's ready and a meal out would cost——"

"Whatever it costs, it's costing *me*, not you. So stop worrying and come down when you're ready."

Well, the stew would do for tomorrow. All the same, it was rank extravagance to go out to a meal tonight. Tomorrow would be the night, to bolster confidence if Imay's should turn Steve down, or to celebrate if they should take him up.

She thought she could understand. He had been working so hard lately. Their excursions had been limited by his pocket and his time. She, wanting to spare both, had shopped and cooked meals on the hot-plate and the gas-ring, which they had eaten at the card table in her room. It was not a dignified ceremony nor a gracious one. There were too few plates and too little room.

She would offer to pay her share of the bill, she decided, slipping into her good black dress. Otherwise Steve would be short when it came to the inevitable rent day.

There was a fine rain falling as they left the house.

"Taxi!" shouted Steve, bundling her in before she had time to protest. Then he gave the driver the address of a fashionable restaurant across the park.

"But—aren't we going to Manzi's?" she asked, having anticipated the modest Italian restaurant that had hitherto been the scene of all their celebrations.

"Manzi's, nothing! For pity's sake don't stare at me with a mask of doom. We're going to enjoy ourselves, Ursula."

She forced herself to smile, to push the thought of the unpaid bills littering his mantelpiece to the back of her mind. Yet—yet he still owed her ten pounds and this dinner would run away with—how much she daren't think.

"That Bridie woman always presages doom," he said. "I've a feeling she was harping on about my uselessness to you."

"Don't let's think about her now," she said.

"I have been pretty useless," he said blandly. "However—time alone will tell."

His hand lay on hers and she looked up at him, liking the clean line of his jaw, the high cheekboned face, the whimsical lines that ran from nose to chin.

"Darling, don't forget to have your hair cut tomorrow, before you see Imay. I hear he's a bit down on the modern trend towards dishevelment."

Instantly she knew she should have kept silent. His mood changed again and he released her hand, getting out a cigarette, retiring to the fastness of his own thoughts.

She had never known him quite like this, quite so willing to fling blows in the face of fate. He tipped the cab driver too lavishly, then armed her into the restaurant with an arrogance that dismayed her.

He seized the menu and began to order on a lavish scale. Then he beckoned the wine waiter.

"Steve—don't be ridiculous, darling——"

He ignored her and conferred gravely with the waiter, deciding finally on a vintage burgundy.

"I'm afraid you may regret all this tomorrow——" she said.

"Tomorrow I shall regret nothing. I shall put the past behind me, heeding not the whisperings of ripe old age. For when the sun sets he will rise again tomorrow, but for us, once our brief day is ended there is but the darkness and the long night."

His voice had a quiet resonance that charmed her instantly to submission.

"Where have I read that?" she asked.

"Catullus thought of it first. I heartily endorse it. Now, eat drink and be reasonably merry, for tomorrow——"

He left the sentence unfinished. Tomorrow—and they raised their glasses and toasted the future.

She enjoyed the dinner and would have liked to linger over the coffee but Steve stubbed out his cigarette, called for the bill, settled it.

"What now?" she asked, lulled into aquiescence now, too late.

"Now? Oh—would you mind too much if I put you on the bus and didn't see you home. I've an urge to walk round and round the park, sorting my brain out."

That was nothing new. He had done this before, many times. With a very good grace Ursula let herself be put on a bus and rode home through the rain-wet, glistening streets trying not to feel so bereft.

VERY late she heard him come in, recognizing his steps from those of the half dozen other people in the house. She did resist the temptation to get out of bed, slip on a housecoat and go down to see if he was all right. Of course he was. But he would be going over the plans for his carburettor, fretting away at details, worrying over the outcome of his interview with Imay. Now was the time he needed coffee and reassurance.

But she stayed in her bed though every instinct pulled her towards him with an ache that made her lie staring into the darkness, wanting his arms round her, his lips hard on hers, blotting out past, present and future.

Little wonder that she slept later than usual the next morning so that she had barely time to knock on Steve's door and wish him "good luck." She also reminded him about having his hair cut.

Then she went off to the ten till four job she had as dentist's receptionist.

It was a dead-end job she had taken after the long holiday that had followed the break-up of her marriage to Gerald. It had then been in the nature of a transitional job, a stop-gap that would tide her over until she had readjusted herself to singleness.

Then she met Steve.

He had come to live in the same house and she had been touched by his appearance, by his obvious need of someone to look after him. She had been hurt and baffled still at Gerald's defection, and lonely, too, for she had broken the threads of her old life.

Steve was three years younger than Ursula. At first her interest in him had been tempered by her common sense. Then gradually they had been drawn together out of their common loneliness in the wilderness of the city. Against the promptings of her memory she had put more and more of herself into encouraging the young engineer who surely would turn out to be a genius once he had aroused the interests of the powers-that-be in his own field.

And now, thanks to her, the powers-that-be were accessible.

All that morning, the morning of Steve's interview with Imay, she kept her fingers crossed mentally.

Steve was not in his room when she returned from work. There were signs that he had been in and gone out again. His room, as always unlocked, showed its usual chaos.

His outdoor clothing, coat, hat, gloves were missing.

A cold hand clutched and squeezed at her heart. Supposing Imay had been another blank wall?

She set about tidying Steve's chaos, collecting socks to be washed and mended, arranging books, papers, carrying away the tray of dirty crockery.

Then she put her own room to rights, finding tasks to ease the impatience of waiting. Finally she bathed, changed her frock, made herself up with care—and waited.

The afternoon dragged into evening. Everyone else in the house came home. Only Steve stayed out.

When at last he did come in, after eleven o'clock, and she lying pent-up and exhausted on her bed, he did not come up to see her. She heard him come into the house. Her door was open so that she would not miss him. Then she heard his door close.

"Imay turned him down," she said aloud, her voice a rasp. "He's afraid to come and tell me."

Instantly she had to go to him, to tell him that this set-back did not matter, that perhaps it would leave the way open to a better chance later.

She ran down the stairs, her heart beating irregularly, hastening to comfort him, to give him back his confidence that had surely been shaken hard.

She knocked and went in. To her astonishment he was packing, throwing clothes in a heap on to the bed.

"Oh—hallo—" he said, over a pile of shirts. "I thought you were out."

How could he have (*Continued on page* 78)

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thought so when her light was on, streaming into the street.

Her eyes wandered past the chaos, searching his face that was set into harder lines than she had ever noticed. His hair had been cut, very short. It changed his appearance subtly, so that he had the look of a stranger.

She had the feeling that she was trespassing in his room, that he did not want her there.

"Imay's?" she brought out at last.

"Imay's what?" He was rummaging in a bottom drawer, throwing out a miscellany of ties, papers, socks, belts. "Ursula, what did you do with my check shirt, the thick one?"

"I've washed it out. I'll iron it first thing——"

"Confound it, it's my only warm one. I shall need it tomorrow. I've got to go up north."

"Up north?"

Then he was talking without a break, the words following each other like a succession of hammer blows.

Imay wanted him in the firm. He was going up north to see the export manager. They could use him in the northern branch and accomodation was to be found for him. All in fact was arranged, had been settled over a long-drawn-out dinner.

Ursula's mind was already planning. She would have to give in her notice, pack up her belongings—

Steve was still talking.

"Imay said he could do with me at the new branch they're opening in Canada. He said he'd been looking for a suitable man, chap without family or ties, able to go anywhere at a moment's notice. Yours truly fitted the bill—and so——"

The words "without family or ties" sounded like a great tolling bell, tolling her back to sanity. Tolling the knell of a dead love.

She forced herself to a queer, bitter dignity.

"I see," she said, very quietly. "I'm so glad for you, Steve."

She would have turned and run from the room, but he had her firmly by the shoulders and his contrite face was almost touching hers.

"Someday Ursula, I'll make it all up to you, pay you back——"

"Pay me?" Her words were like a whiplash and she wrenched free. "You owe me nothing. I'm in my own debt; and I'm going to start repaying myself right away."

THEN she could go, straight-backed, up the stairs to her own place, to the cold comfort of her bed, knowing that tomorrow she would seek Bridie and with her plan a new way of living.

It hurt, of course, like the healing scalpel of the surgeon. But that same hurt spurred her on and in a surprisingly short while she was exulting in a freedom that she had forgotten.

"The first thing to do," said Bridie, "is to move from those haunted digs of yours. We'll go flat hunting and in the meantime you can stop at my club. Of course you're coming back to Ardley's."

Of course she was. She could now put all her energies into work, and they paid good dividends. There was a generous commission on sales on top of an adequate salary. And joy of joys, all this money could be spent on herself.

In a sense it was like recovering from an illness. Bridie insisted that she needed the same rehabilitation treatment, forcing her out on a protracted shopping spree, taking her to a wizard in hair dressing, making her jettison the clothes she had made do with too long.

No longer did she consider each time she made a purchase. She was safe at Ardley's now and there was no nagging thought of Steve at the back of her mind, forcing her to economies so that both of them could enjoy a square meal.

And the time that was hers—that, too, seemed prodigal. Bolstering up Steve had taken more out of her than she realized. She began to feel rested and even exhilarated.

"You look ten years younger," Bridie stated, as Ursula showed off her latest extravagance, a scarlet suit trimmed with Persian lamb, a model obtained through the firm but expensive despite the discount.

"I feel ten years older, inside me," Ursula said. "I've been a fool. I'll admit it."

"Embroider that in cross stitch and hang it on the wall to remind you of past follies," Bridie suggested.

Steve wrote. He also returned her all the money he had borrowed, which came in useful to inaugurate Ursula's new way of living. She did not answer his letters beyond acknowledging receipt of the money. There was nothing to say. That chapter was closed.

She tried not to be bitter. But Bridie spurred her to bitterness, using it as a weapon with which to goad Ursula into being constantly on her guard.

"You attract weaklings, and imbue them with strength at your own expense," she said. "Get wise to yourself once and for all time. Steve and Gerald were enough to teach you—now, what's the matter?"

Ursula sniffed and rubbed the tears from her eyes, smudging her make-up.

"I'm an idiot—but I'm not sure I want to end my days single," she admitted. "Oh, Bridie, surely it isn't wrong of me——"

"Wrong, nothing! Provided you choose your partner. Let's find a flat large enough for social purposes and launch you into the giddy whirl."

Eventually they found a flat in a converted house, near the centre of the city. It was large enough for them each to have their own bedrooms, a communal sitting-room and the usual offices. Ursula rediscovered her talent for making a home. For weeks she and Bridie cut and sewed, pinned and painted, and the result was a charming contemporary background for the pair of them.

Though Bridie was herself a confirmed spinster and proud of it she was also popular with men and an excellent hostess. They gave a party as soon as the paint on the walls was dry and at the end of the evening Ursula found herself with half a dozen dates in her diary.

"Succès de scandale," Bridie said. "Now just keep your eye on the main chance and you'll be fine. I vetted all the guests personally. Not one impoverished weakling among 'em."

They had not been an exciting lot, Bridie's friends. Nice, solid chaps in the duller walks of life. Hand-picked.

"They're all right," Ursula said, "but— —"

"But what? Not still hankering after Steve, surely?"

"No, not that. I was merely going to say that none of your charming friends made my pulses beat any faster."

"Hark at the girl! You can't have everything in this world. Give it time. Pulse-beating is purely relative."

Ursula laughed.

"Anyway, they're all very nice people and I'm so grateful to you, Bridie. You certainly saved me from a fate worse than death—ordeal by loneliness."

It was a good life, taken by and large. Ursula and Bridie had a growing circle of friends and went out much. Once again Ursula was in touch with life, could discuss the latest books and plays, was *alive* to life.

Sometimes she wondered if she were happy. It all seemed too easy now. There was something missing, something very like the salt in the cake mixture. She had no worries, nobody to think about save herself.

The spring came, grew into summer, and the girls went away for an amusing fortnight with friends who had a houseboat on an inland waterway. One of the friends brought along a man named William Moorhouse, a stolid, good-looking man in his thirties, a bachelor and, so it was rumoured, well endowed with this world's goods.

He attached himself very firmly to Ursula, without any previous briefing by Bridie. Ursula put up with William, with a very good grace. Bridie knew better than to force any issues too obviously but she was pleased at William's obvious admiration for her friend. William was safe and genial.

After the holiday Ursula continued to see William two or three times a week. They settled down into an almost steady routine of theatre-going and eating together in well chosen restaurants.

"How's the pulse?" Bridie asked one morning when they were breakfasting together.

"Nicely normal, thank you," Ursula answered.

"Well, keep it that way if you can. I've got to go away for a few days. Mother isn't too well and I want to put her affairs in order for her. It'll take several days because as the only bachelor in the family it's up to me to do all the paper work. So you'll be on your own. Can you cope, d'you think?"

Bridie shot her a shrewd look that Ursula understood.

"Of course I can cope. William's taking me to the theatre on Thursday. I'll probably drive out to the country with him on Saturday. Sunday—I've chores in plenty. Don't worry about me."

"I'll try not to. Look after yourself, for Pete's sake."

Bridie was gone, leaving Ursula alone for the first time in many months.

IT was a curious sensation. For so long she had been under Bridie's thumb, obedient to the jerking of the strings, like a puppet. Now she was free, feeling a little unreal.

Taking stock of the past months she realized how little time she had had to herself. Bridie had seen to that.

It was not at all unpleasant to have the flat to herself. She could put her own stamp on it, arrange the flowers according to her own ideas, lounge about doing very little.

She went out with William on the Thursday. It was then that he told her that the firm of solicitors in which he was a partner had business in the West Country which made it necessary for him to be out of town over the weekend.

That left Ursula doubly free. Saturday afternoon which she and Bridie usually spent shopping was hers to amble and fritter away as she wished.

It was a fine Saturday, too fine for shopping. The park spread leafy shade invitingly and the lake glimmered in the heat haze.

Dressed in a crisp linen frock of cherry red with a straw hat ribboned in the same colour Ursula strolled round the lake, book in hand.

She found a shady place under a tree and sat down to read. But her attention kept wandering and after a while she got up again to resume her wanderings. She felt weary of her own company and inclined to envy the lovers, hands entwined, who seemed to take up so much of the park. Lovers, and children, and old ladies—and Ursula alone in her pretty frock with nobody to talk to.

A duck with six ducklings crossed her path, making her come to a sudden halt.

They were so comical, the ducklings, that she laughed aloud and her laughter was echoed by a young man prone on the ground just beside her.

"I never could understand the story of the 'Ugly Duckling,'" he said, scrambling to his feet and towering over her. "They're such pretty creatures to my mind."

"Very pretty," she agreed.

She would have walked on, but as Fate would have it, her book slipped from her fingers to the ground. Lithely the young man bent to retrieve it. An envelope addressed to her dropped from the leaves and lay on the path, proclaiming her name and address to all who were interested.

As she bent to pick it up their heads met with a tiny bump, the merest brushing contact. Then his grave brown eyes looked into hers. Her pulses leaped.

"I—er—are you in a tearing hurry?" he asked, even as she noticed the sketch book half open on the ground where he had lain, the undoubted shabbiness of his corduroys, the high cheekbones of him in the slightly hungry face.

"Not exactly a hurry—" she began. She knew she ought to hurry away, for the pulses were beating a warning tattoo. Yet an exhilaration was beginning to fill her, making her eyes sparkle, turning the world to enchantment.

"If you're in no hurry, perhaps you'd have tea with an (*Continued on page* 80)

"The play starts in ten minutes, dear"

Everything will be tidied up and they'll be ready to sit down to it, too. Washing-up, washing clothes and cleaning are quick jobs *when there's plenty of hot water.*

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mpoverished artist and let him unburden his soul to a sympathetic ear?"

"How do you know I'd be sympathetic?" she smiled. "I'd have you know that I've cultivated a heart as hard as a stone."

How she wanted to believe it, even as he fell into step beside her.

"I can't somehow bring myself to accept that," he said, looking at her in a half shy, half wistful way.

And nor finally could Ursula.

END

Wickerwork . . .

(*Continued from page 29*)

in three adjacent spaces between stakes. These are held in position with the fingers of the left hand while the real weaving is begun. The cane on the extreme left is taken by the right hand to the right over two stakes and under one. The two others are dealt with in turn from the extreme left to the right and a strong rope-like twist is the result. This is nearly always used at the beginning and end of any weaving whether cane or plywood base is used.

When three or four rows of this weave have been completed, cut the ends of two of the canes short and tuck into the back and begin to weave with the single cane left. There are two simple weaves for the beginner and the final effect is much the same. If you have an even number of stakes, just continue going over two stakes and under one. If you want to use the simple "darning" weave of over one and under one and the stakes are even in number, either insert an additional stake by pushing it well down between the woven strands beside an existing stake and separate it by the weaving cane, or jump a stake every time round. It is simpler to add another stake.

When the sides are the required depth, add two rows of the rope-like twist, using three canes. This will leave you with the long stakes to be made into a loop at the top for hanging. If the open-work border is wanted, take a length of No. 2 cane long enough to go once round or twice round and double it. Press gently in the centre to form a flat loop which is placed over one of the stakes and twisted into position as shown in the diagram for the oval base. Finish by tucking the short ends into the twist.

To make the loop for hanging, arrange the stakes round a 2-in. length of dowel rod about ⅜-in. diameter and bind with cellulose tape. Make a loop with two strands twisted together and tacked to the dowel and bind with No. 2 cane, tacking the ends with small brass studs.

The weaving process for the light shopping baskets and the lamp-shade is the same. The diagrams show the method of securing the stakes for the centre. There is no real need to use the three canes unless you want to make it extra strong. The same movement can be used with the one cane to start with —over two and under one—adding another stake if wanted when the depth of weaving allows. The cone is easily shaped by cupping the left hand over the stakes at the start and then placing it over the knee-cap and holding it with the left hand while the weaving is done with the right. The same applies to the basin shape.

The oval basket can be made very easily if a plywood base is used, but if you are ambitious enough to wish to make the cane base, the diagram shows the method of beginning and the photograph shows the work after the additional stakes have been added to the short sides. The weaving is the same for the oval as for the circle except for a few rows of a simple "hooking" weave, which is done to check the tendency of the oval base to twist as it is worked. The hooking is done by winding the weaving cane once—anti-clockwise — around each stake as you come to it and pressing the loop well down. When the base is firm, return to the weave you have chosen. Turn up the edges and finish as previously described.

Materials can be obtained from: Dryad Ltd., 22 Bloomsbury Street, London.

END

Tea . . .

(*Continued from page 32*)

The three principal constituents of tea are tannin, caffeine (theine) and essential oil. Tannin gives the tea its characteristic astringency, and, when fermented, colour in the beverage; caffein contributes the stimulating properties, and the essential oil provides the flavour. By law nothing may be put into tea at any stage of its manufacture to add flavour or improve the strength.

Once the tea arrives in this country it is first sampled by buyers and then by the merchants who eventually buy it. At Ridgways, for example, one of the oldest firms in the trade, the teas are sampled at least five times before a blend is finally packaged; twice by the buyers for taste, colour and other qualities, then by the directors, then again for blending and lastly after blending and for comparison with standard blends. Up to twenty-two different varieties are blended in any one packet.

There is no mystery in tea tasting; anybody can become a tea taster, and there is no reason why women should not invade this professional field, though few have done so.

Price and quality of tea are not necessarily related to size; large leaf tea is not always the best, nor small tea always of inferior quality and cheap. Most of the tea sold in Britain today is small leaf because housewives appear to prefer it so. In this form it infuses quickly, whereas a large leaf of tea should be left for up to six minutes before being poured out as tea tasters do it.

The type of water used is very important. Chlorinated water and water softeners ruin the taste of tea, but a grand cup of tea in one district is not equally good elsewhere however well made, and of the same blend, because of differences in water.

In making tea, freshly drawn water, freshly boiled should be used, and furred kettles are bad for the purpose. The kettle singing on the hob is very homely, but the result is an indifferent brew because the oxygen will have boiled away from the water. Good tea well made will rise to the top of the pot with a slight scum, and both liquid and residue of leaves will be bright in colour.

Thick earthenware pots are good because they retain the heat well; fine china will not hold it so effectively, silver is rather better, but some types of metal pot spoil the flavour. The great thing is to keep the brew hot without "stewing" it on a stove. *Don't warm the pot* before making tea, *make it really hot* with water just before it boils. Fill the pot, after a few moments throw the water away and make the tea immediately.

Experts also suggest that tea should be stored away from light and air—in a good tin. It is easily contaminated by strong flavours and therefore should never be kept, or even carried if it can be avoided, alongside cheese, soap, bacon, apples or coffee. If bought, stored and brewed carefully the result should really be a good cup of "char."

END

Men, Women and Cars

(*Continued from page 41*)

HE WILL LIKE . . .

Still being technical he will point to the general trend to larger engines (not on the American scale yet, where 200 h.p. is common) but still giving brisker performance; and as a corollary to this, braking improvements. Most modern bodies being of the "all-enveloping" type, which makes brake efficiency an increasing problem in conjunction with the smaller wheels and larger tyres now common, he will talk ominously of "brake fade" and look for indications of efficient brake cooling such as the brake-drum ventilating fins on Alfa Romeo and the tendency to use air inlets over the headlamps to cool front brakes and tyres on the Hudson Italia coupe, which should be at the Show. . . .

With economy in mind he may be inclined to linger at the Standard and Mercédès stands. There diesel versions of the company's cars may be centres of attention.

Fibreglass bodies—as alternative coachwork styles on famous chassis, as production models—several American, but probably only Singer from the British factories, though it is rumoured that Hillman may be springing an eve-of-Show surprise—and special bodies for the enthusiast: all these will delay him . . . and, too, the new "hard-tops" which enable you to replace a "tatty" hood with a brand new fibreglass detachable top. . . . Gadgets? He'll be in his element—from expensive fitments that, robot-like, churn out your average speed, to suction ashtrays with sliding lids to keep the ash from blowing about; from special exhaust systems for Consuls and Zephyrs to rear-window Venetian blinds; from "winking indicator" sets to tubeless, punctureless tyres.

And at last he'll settle down to look at the "bread and butter" cars and maybe even be prevailed on to order his new car for 1955. . . . The choice is wider than ever, and without taking account of inevitable last-minute surprises he's going to find a lot to interest him in the "family-car" range: from the sturdy independence of Rover (whose completely new 75 is sure to please him) Alvis and A.C. to the seductive sports-cum-family appeal of M.G. and Sunbeam Talbot; from sedately superior Daimler to "cheapest 100 m.p.h." car, the Triumph TR2: from hotly competing Austin, Morris, Ford, Hillman, Standard and Vauxhall to Royal favourites Rolls and Lagonda.

He'll leave the colour to you. . . .

SHE WILL LIKE . . .

for a moment she will tick up an emphatic approval for Morris's hydraulically-assisted clutch, the use of power assisted steering on the Americans.

Better all-round visibility she will note, with curved windscreens and panoramic rear windows which take much of the nightmare out of town manoeuvring and reversing.

Her fastidious taste will approve the more restrained use of chromium plating on most of the English cars at least and—all in all—body styling will meet with her approval. Particularly she will relish the skill with which the body stylists have achieved more and more interior room without making the car itself any larger. . . . If her horizon is not bounded by Saturday-morning shopping or a Daimler to the theatre, she will be inclined to enthuse over some of the "new-era" sports models—without opposition from her escort. . . . Gadgets? She'll find them all —and more—in the galleries: from cigarette boxes to steering wheel knobs to help her manoeuvring and parking; from picnic tables to vanity mirrors. . . .

And at last she will settle down to look at the "bread and butter" cars—bewail the absence of a British car with the true Côte d'Azur look—and weigh up the merits of this car and that.

She may have to limit her ideas to a maximum of £600—in which case her choice may lie between Austin A 30, Standard Eight or smallest Ford (all under £500) or Morris Minor, Citroen 2 CV, Renault 750 or Standard Ten (all between £500 and £600). Seeking that little bit extra in feminine appeal, the Hillman Minx may tempt her to the tune of another £60 or so—and if her choice is a sports car or nothing she is bound to be drawn to the M.G. (about £780) or Triumph TR2 (about £880). The easing of the hire-purchase restrictions will help, of course, for no longer is the deposit fixed at a minimum of one-third and repayment confined to eighteen months—deposits as low as one-quarter are now possible with balance spread over as long as two years in certain cases.

And finally, she will make her decision. . . It will be the car she spotted from the balcony, of course, early on, the one that matches her Hardy Amies. . . . He'll weigh in with convincing arguments in favour of something entirely different, of course. . . .

But he'll leave the colour to you. . .

END

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FRESH UP FROM SOMERSET

Two Months To Prepare

(*Continued from page* 35)

various ways, and visualize the finished article *before* you begin. This is the beginner's insurance on success. If you cannot draw, then trace off your figure, pin on to the felt, and cut felt and figure out together.

Housewife's choice is portrayed in guest towels for every season of the year. I have given pictures of the finished springtime towel and the merely tacked summer-time one. The arrangement is one of personal choice. Much easier than you would expect, it encourages you to go on and on.

Table mats and napkins can repeat the design of the dinner service. The Wedgwood Ivy pattern (said to have been used by Napoleon when in captivity) is an excellent example of what can be done. Tracing paper from a china plate helps, but I outlined from real ivy, of which every country lane can give you a wide selection. The veining is in single strand light green, the berries, in heavy, six strand, black french knots.

Gay luncheon mats for a friend with a country cottage give the idea of let's-have-lunch-in-the-garden-next-summer. A yard and a quarter of printed linen in a contemporary design, and something really gay is essential. I choose a linen patterned in squares, hemmed by machine, then crocheted an edging in Star Sylko number 8 using the dominant colour. It is essential that the edging be finished with a row of double crochet and picots, for this stiffens it, and makes it lie flat on the table.

Casual gifts, something small instead of a card, consist in tiny quilted satin egg cosies, embroidered with black hens and "Bonjour." To enlarge on this idea, a breakfast-in-bed set for an invalid, is a thought! If you appliqué the hens, choose linen hankies, for the material is colour proof in the wash.

I admit that most of all, I adore my felt appliqués, and launch myself out into this work with a glowing enthusiasm. There is no end to the designs that can be considered. Be colourful—it pays! Remember that colour should always be courageous and brave, and the finished work is all the better if you are audacious in this.

I pore over natural history works with coloured plates for inspiration, and consider children's books, which fascinate me, too. I gain a real pleasure in designing for myself, as you will find, because creation is much more satisfying than copying, and half of us never attempt it only because we have never tried!

A sharp nick of the scissors is easier to manage than a pencil, and often this puts enterprise into an animal, giving it livelier movement, or with a slight shave, frailty into a sweet flower.

In the stress of modern times the art of needle work has fallen a little into disuse; it is a pity for it is a restful occupation. We are the better for doing it. And at Christmas our pockets grow fatter, and our friends are far better pleased for our efforts.

This is quick work. You do not have to give so much time and labour to it that you lose heart. A zebra takes about an hour to work. An angel fish half that. Elaborate fine sewing would ruin the design, for it is important that it should be bold. It is also important that you should enjoy yourself doing it. *And you will!*

The fact that you have never attempted any work of your own design before, is no excuse. In old age, Sir Winston Churchill discovered his genius for art, and the exquisite relaxation and satisfaction that it could offer him. Remember that and start on your Christmas presents today.

END

Society's Backroom Girls

(*Continued from page* 45)

Most have embarked on industrial or commercial activities which have taken many a key man into the heart of international politics and where a gaffe would a few years ago have resulted only in being overlooked at the next drawing-room gathering, nowadays it might end anywhere. And because social life and business life are so closely inter-mixed, most social secretaries are now housed in the office block instead of the mansion, and share their duties with, perhaps, an office secretary, a personal assistant or a trainee for the chairman's chair.

I talked to two of London's social secretaries about their jobs. They are Miss Doris Nicholls and Miss Anne Woodbury. Both work for Sir Eric Bowater, head of the paper empire, and Lady Bowater.

Miss Nicholls works from the fourth floor chairman's suite at Bowater House, just off Piccadilly and Green Park; Miss Woodbury from Sir Eric's home at West Horsley, a typical modest Surrey house with entrancing gardens.

To Miss Nicholls falls the duty of arranging the business appointments. The interviews, the conferences and the luncheons. She doubles with the duties of personal business secretary. When social and business side are intermingled, as, for example ,when business friends are invited to join the Ascot party (Sir Eric and Lady Bowater have their own box for the four days) she works in double harness with Miss Woodbury on the detailed arrangements.

"With big functions there are so many details to arrange today," Miss Nicholls told me. "The tickets of admission to be applied for, the badges, the car park tickets and the bookings."

Everything from the launching of a ship to the ordering of wines may come her way.

Miss Woodbury works entirely from West Horsley, in closest contact with Lady Bowater. She must settle all the advance details, ensure a big attendance, take the money, and act as master of ceremonies when the Bowater gardens are opened to the public four times a year in aid of the county nursing association.

She must organize the Ascot house party (*Continued on page* 84)

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with the personal likes and dislikes of every guest remembered and safeguarded. She must see that everything runs smoothly for the summer garden party—an event which comes in three "chapters," one night a firework party, the following Saturday a garden party for staff, and on the Sunday a cricket party.

I asked them both what were the qualifications for taking on such work, and they answered together: long experience of life, an ability to understand other people and anticipate how they will react to a word, a phrase, or even a tone of voice; a good memory, and a wide general knowledge.

Next I talked to someone who has a social secretary who is known to thousands of the most famous writers, artists, public figures and mere booklovers. She is Miss Christina Foyle, who for twenty-five years has been running literary luncheons once a month that have become an institution ("we celebrate our birthday quite shortly," she confessed).

Her social secretary is "a treasure." She is Miss Patricia Rosentiehl, and formerly worked for William Gerhardi, the novelist. She has held the present job for fifteen years, and the secret of that, Miss Foyle told me, is "Extreme courtesy. A genuine liking for people. An ability to never sound tedious or tiresome. A complete knowledge of the order of precedence. And a memory that will never fail, and never result in putting a famous author next to the critic who slates him!"

Some social secretaries graduate to Society itself, or create a new place in the world for

Society's Backroom Girls

themselves. There was Miss Jackson, described as social secretary to Mr. Lewis Douglas, former U.S. Ambassador to Britain, when she married Viscount Cowdray, though she told me "I was really the personal assistant to Mrs. Douglas."

Often, as the social torch is handed on from one generation to the next, and the daily work dwindles, the social secretary who has become so much a pillar of the household becomes more and more depended on for other duties. She engages the staff, does all the ordering and catering, pays the wages and the bills; acts as liaison between the farm and the fireside.

But still the main elements of the job go on: supreme tact; organizing and business ability; an unfailing memory and love for meticulous accuracy of detail.

"Never leave a single thing to chance. Always make sure," said one.

"And never, whatever you do, take credit for yourself. If it is ever said you have done a thing well, immediately pass the compliment on to your employer to avoid jealousies creeping in," said another.

I asked Miss Nicholls, "Do you really have to come from Society yourself to be able to undertake such a job? And can you tackle such a job straight from college or must you be, perhaps, twenty-five or more and mature?"

"I should say you have to have had a lot of experience and a fund of general knowledge, but it is not necessary to be a Society girl," she replied.

END

The Mill On The Floss

(*Continued from page 52*)

life is very difficult," she said, looking up at him with solemn sadness. "Love is natural, but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural, too. And they would live in me still, and punish me, if I did not obey them. I should be haunted by the suffering I had caused. Our love would be poisoned. Don't urge me; help me—help me, *because* I love you. . . ."

"Dearest," he said, in scarcely more than a whisper, while his arm stole round her, "I'll do, I'll bear anything you wish. But—one kiss—one—the last, before we part. . . ."

Maggie was now determined to get far away from Stephen by taking a post as governess somewhere. Meanwhile Lucy found from Tom that her plans for smoothing the way to marriage between Maggie and Philip by making it possible for Tom's firm to buy back the Mill and put Tom in as manager, had been fruitless. Tom was implacable. "Maggie could do as she liked. He held himself bound by his duty to his father's memory never to consent to any relation with the Wakems."

And Maggie herself, waiting to leave for her new post, met Stephen again—a visit contrived by Stephen when he knew Lucy to be out. He asked her to go out on the river with him. "O, we can't go," cried Maggie. But "he was looking into her deep, deep eyes—far off and mysterious as the starlit blackness, and yet very near, and timidly loving." And they went.

"They glided rapidly along, Stephen rowing, helped by the backward flowing tide, on between sunny fields and pastures. . . . Maggie was only dimly conscious of the banks as they passed them, and dwelt with no recognition on the villages." And then she realized that they had gone far, too far.

"'O, what shall I do?'" cried Maggie, in an agony. 'We shall not get home for hours—and Lucy—O God help me!'" And the tide was carrying them on. By accident or design, he could not be quite sure which, Stephen had allowed them to drift far from St. Oggs almost out to sea, and now he was saying: "Maggie, let us never go home again—till none can part us—till we are married."

She wanted to yield, to "glide along with the swift, silent stream, and not struggle any more. But across the stealing influence came the terrible shadow of past thoughts." As if the very inevitability and compromising nature of her position were the spur to her deepest feelings she suddenly found the courage and strength to deny him. Recognizing defeat, Stephen hailed a passing vessel and the two boarded it.

But still it was the following day before they reached the nearby port. And by nightfall all St. Oggs knew that Stephen Guest had fatally compromised Maggie Tulliver. Maggie had chosen the harder road. She had turned Stephen away in loyalty to Lucy, yet still she was a woman and the world blamed her. And arriving at last at Dorlcote Mill she found Tom, her beloved brother, a bitter enemy:

"You will find no home with me," he said. "You have disgraced us all," and Maggie had to seek refuge with friends in St. Oggs. Now, desperate, alone, and almost friendless, Maggie was "too entirely filled with a more agonizing anxiety to spend any thought on the view that was being taken of her conduct by the world of St. Oggs: anxiety about Stephen, Lucy, Philip, beat on her poor heart in a hard driving ceaseless storm of mingled love, remorse and pity." And across all her anxiety for the loved and the injured shot those terrible words of her brother's.

But she was not without practical intentions: to pay for her lodging she decided to return to her sewing, while she gathered intermittent news of the ones she loved: Stephen was reported abroad, Lucy, prostrated with a breakdown, Philip ill.

Then the threads of finality began to gather.

From Philip came a long letter proclaiming his love for her. "I know you tried to keep faith to me and to all." He was not ill and he believed in her. "I was sure you meant to cleave to me, that you had rejected him; that you struggled to renounce him for Lucy's sake and for mine. But I could see no issue that was not fatal for *you*. . . . I believed that the strong attraction which drew you together proceded only from one side of your character and belonged to that partial divided action of our nature which makes half the tragedy of the human lot. . . . God comfort you—my loving, large-souled Maggie."

So Philip brought comfort to her in her distress, and then suddenly Lucy, too—"changed but all the sweeter; the hazel eyes . . . with their heart-piercing tenderness"—Lucy whom she had never meant to deceive, came to comfort her. . . .

Stephen, too. From (*Continued on page 86*)

HELENA RUBINSTEIN'S AMAZING NEW

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him came a letter telling her he was back unknown to his friends and begging her to marry him. For hours "she felt as if her struggle had been in vain. She did not *read* the letter: she heard him uttering it, and the voice shook her with its old strange power. . . . She sat quite still, far into the night . . ." and at length "the long past came back to her, and with it the fountains of self-renouncing pity and affection, of faithfulness and resolve." She took up the letter, held it to the candle and let it burn slowly on the hearth.

And all the while she had been sitting, fighting her last battle, Nature itself had been taking a hand. Outside, under the stress of continued rain, the River Floss had been slowly rising. Now it was in full flood and Maggie in her riverside room realized that water was flowing across the floor. Through a broken window she groped her way into a wildly tossing boat, and suddenly out on to the heaving waters of the rushing river.

The whole thing had been so rapid—so dreamlike—that the threads of ordinary association were broken. She was out upon the flood—a nightmare of her childish dreams and suddenly "there rushed in the vision of the old home—and Tom—and her mother. What was happening at the mill?"

In the darkness she rowed in desperation, first on the river itself and then over the flooded fields, by broken down bridge and frightening amorphous floating masses. In the approaching dawn she found the mill—only its upper storey showing above the black waters. And there in a window of the attic was Tom, to tell her he was alone, that their mother was safe in a nearby town—and then

The Mill On The Floss

they were in the boat together. "They sat mutely gazing at each other: Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face—Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. . . . He guessed a story of almost miraculously protected effort. A mist gathered over the blue-grey eyes and the lips found a word they could utter: the old childish 'Magsie.'"

And "Maggie could make no answer but a long, deep sob of that mysterious wondrous happiness that is one with pain."

Nothing else was said. They were together—and then a new danger came on them. Great hulks of timber bearing down on the rushing current were suddenly on top of them.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said in a deep, hoarse voice, loosing the oars and clasping her. Then the boat reappeared—"but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be parted. . . ."

* * *

In Dorlcote churchyard a new tomb was erected and "was visited at different moments by two men who both felt that their keenest joy and keenest sorrow were for ever buried there."

One of them came with Lucy—"the other was always solitary. His great companionship was among the trees of the Red Deeps, where the buried joy seemed still to hover.

"The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and below the names it was written:

'In their death they were not divided.'"

END

Teatime for smart people means —

"BERMALINE"

THE DELICIOUS MALT-SUGAR BREAD

Ask your Baker for it!

Give It The Respect It Deserves

(*Continued from page* 60)

And now for some recipes:

Risotto alla Milanese (for four people)

2 tablespoonsful butter; 2 tablespoonsful olive oil; 1 cupful raw rice; 1 onion; ½ clove garlic; 3 cupsful stock (chicken is best); 2 tablespoonsful white wine or cider; 2 oz. chopped mushrooms; ½ cupful grated cheese; salt and pepper; pinch saffron (optional)

Do not wash the rice, but clean it by rubbing in a teacloth. Melt butter in pan, then add oil. When very hot add the rice, stirring so that it is coated with the hot fat, then cook gently till light brown. Add minced onion and garlic and stir till onion is delicately brown. Now add the hot stock, together with the saffron, the wine, and the salt and pepper. Cover. Cook very slowly for twenty-five minutes. Add more stock if it appears to become too dry. Wash the mushrooms, cut them up, and add. Cook for ten minutes longer, when the rice should be soft and dry. Put a nut of butter on top of the rice, sprinkle with the grated cheese, stir lightly to mix it in and serve at once.

Chow Faahn (a good way to use up cold roast pork)

4 cupsful cold boiled rice (which should be at least one day old); 3 eggs; 4 spring onions; 2 tablespoonsful chopped parsley; 2 tablespoonsful soya sauce; 1 teaspoonful salt; ¼ teaspoonful pepper; roast pork (about ½ lb.)

Dice the meat, chop the onion, and beat the eggs. Heat a little olive oil in a frying pan, and stir the rice into the heated oil. Fry gently, stirring so that it does not lump. Add onions, seasoning and pork. Now stir a hollow in the centre of the rice, break in three eggs and stir to scramble. Sprinkle with parsley and soya sauce, and serve very hot.

Poulet au riz

1 boiling fowl; 2 oz. butter or good margarine; lemon; 1 carrot; 1 onion stuck with 2 cloves; 1 stick celery (or celery salt); 1 clove garlic; a little tarragon; salt and pepper; 2 cupsful rice; cream or top of milk

Put the butter, seasoning, a piece of lemon peel and the tarragon inside the bird. Rub the outside of the fowl with a little lemon-juice and some salt. Put into a pan, together with the cut up carrot and celery and the stuck onion; cover with cold water. Cook on a medium flame for one hour. Then take out the vegetables, put the rice into the pan with the chicken, and cook for twenty minutes longer. Remove the chicken, cut into serving portions, and keep them hot. Strain the cooked rice, place on a warm dish, and put the pieces of chicken on top. Add a small piece of crushed garlic and a little chopped tarragon to the heated cream and pour over the chicken. Serve at once.

Kedgeree

¾ lb. cooked smoked haddock; 2 hard-boiled eggs; 3 oz. butter or margarine; chopped parsley; 6 oz. boiled Patna or Carolina rice; salt and cayenne pepper

Boil the fish, remove bones and skin, and flake roughly. Chop the whites and one yolk of the eggs, reserve the second yolk for garnish. Melt the butter in a pan, add the fish, rice, egg and seasoning, stirring over a medium light till well mixed. Put on a warm dish and decorate with parsley and chopped yolk of egg. Serve hot. I sometimes add half a teaspoonful of curry powder.

Pilau

Any meat can be used, but mutton is best. 1 lb. neck of mutton; 1½ pints stock; 1 oz. butter; pinch cinnamon; pinch cloves; 2 oz. sultanas; 3 oz. rice; baked tomatoes for garnish

The meat should not be too fat. Put the meat into the pan with the stock and stew till tender. Remove the meat and put on one side. Wash the rice and cook it in the stock, adding the spices and seasoning if necessary. Let it simmer slowly till cooked, then add the butter in small pieces. Cut the mutton into small pieces and add to the cooked rice mixture, then add the sultanas ten minutes before serving. Place on a hot dish and garnish with small baked tomatoes.

Poire Conde

1 pint milk; 4 oz. rice; 3 oz. caster sugar; whipped cream; 1 oz. butter; vanilla essence; bottled or tinned pears

Wash the rice and boil for fifteen minutes in water. Then strain off the water, add the milk and cook till the rice has absorbed the milk. Add the sugar and essence. Pour into a border mould and allow to get quite cold and set. Now turn out on to a dish, fill the centre with the pears and decorate with whirls of cream.

END

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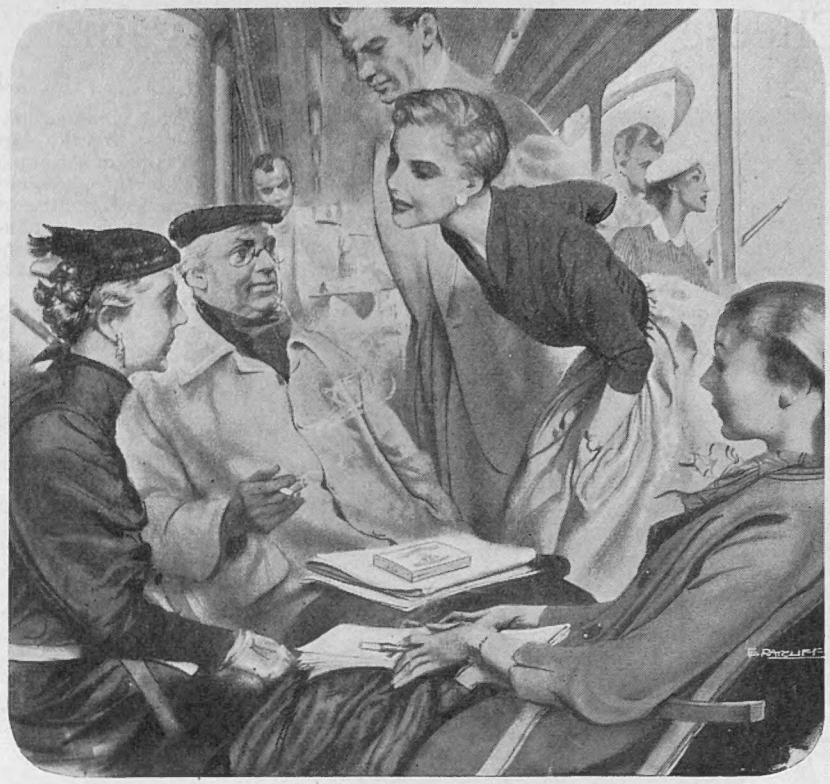

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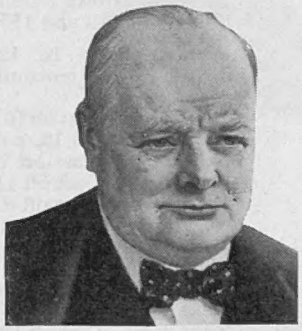

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CVS–106

Cheese Is On The Map Again

(*Continued from page* 53)

at the tiny inn. There was cider. "Rough or mild?" asked the innkeeper, and I rashly said rough, forgetting how potent rough cider can be!

I forget what we had to eat—something like Spam, I think—but it was accompanied by fresh-picked tomatoes, wholemeal bread made from home-ground flour, golden uncommercial butter, and rosy Cheshire cheese. *Real* Cheshire cheese, with the typical creamy crumbliness. Maybe it was the cider, but in retrospect that Cheshire seems to me the finest I have ever tasted; mature, but not too mature, with just the right bite. Refreshed and solaced, we departed joyfully, and even the dampness of the car and the cobbles in the road were more bearable.

I found Lancashire cheese in a funny little teaplace a few miles from Chorley. A sharp walk of three or four miles across the moors brought us to it. Through the gate in the centuries-old dry flint wall; three precarious steps down to a cobbled path, and we bent to enter a low-ceilinged room crammed with antique treasures. Grandfather clock, old brasses, Windsor chairs, and a long oak table in the middle of the room, polished to mellowness by generations of use. And the hearty cheese was served with a tart apple to accompany it. A wonderful combination!

Stilton came to me, almost literally with flourish of trumpets, in an hotel in a Kentish town. It was served with the ceremony which its noble history deserved, resting on a silver dish, wrapped in a snowy napkin, and dispensed from a silver scoop. It came after a lordly meal, but the Stilton was easily king of it all.

The only time I ever sat outside a pub waiting for it to open was on a hot Whit-Sunday. Several hours' walking in the sun had developed a thirst and a hunger that it seemed nothing could satisfy. But the beer, the fresh bread, the pickled onions: above all, the Cheddar cheese, were worth it all. I would walk many miles again for the same pleasure.

Do you remember Double Gloucester, with its dark rind and golden creamy texture, the Wensleydale, salt from the brine in which the cheese is matured, the York cream cheese, with its bubbly, whippy flavour; is there a Gouda, or, for that matter, a Bel Paese, to equal it? They are coming back to the shops now, and for me, at least, the years of deprivation are almost worth while, so as to taste, as if for the first time, those incomparable flavours again.

END

Ideas For The Knitting Season

(*Continued from page* 57)

Work rows 121 to 138, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 125th and 132nd rows, working inc. sts. in lace pattern.**

Shape Neck. 139th row.—Inc. into 1st st., (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 4 times, k. 16, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o) 8 times, k. 16, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) twice, turn, and work on these sts. only, leaving remaining sts. on a spare needle.

140th row.—Cast off 4 sts., p. to end.

141st row.—K. 10, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times, k. 16, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times.

142nd row.—Cast off 3 sts., p. to end.

143rd row.—K. 10, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times, k. 16, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 6 times, k. 1.

144th row.—Cast off 4 sts., p. to end of row.

145th row.—K. 10, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times, k. 16, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 4 times, k. 1.

146th row.—Cast off 3 sts., p. to last st., inc. into st.

147th row.—K. 11, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times, k. 16, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 3 times.

148th row.—Cast off 2 sts., p. to end.

149th row.—K. 11, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times, k. 16, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) twice.

150th row.—Cast off 2 sts., p. to end.

151st row.—K. 11, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times, k. 16, m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.

152nd row.—Take 2 tog., p. to end.

153rd row.—Inc. into 1st st., k. 10, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times, k. 15, take 2 tog.

154th row.—Take 2 tog., p. to end.

155th row.—K. 12, (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 8 times, k. 13, take 2 tog.

156th row.—Take 2 tog., p. to end.

Work 4 rows, continuing in pattern, taking 2 tog. at neck edge on every row.

Shape Shoulder. * Cast off 11 sts., k. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

Next row.—P. 2 tog., p to end.*

Rep. from * to * once. Cast off.

Return to sts. on spare needle. Cast off 8 sts., pattern to last st., inc. into st.

Next row.—Work in pattern.

Next row.—Cast off 4 sts., pattern to end.

Complete to match opposite side.

BACK

Work from ** to ** on Front.

139th row.—Inc. into 1st st., (m. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o.) 4 times, k. 16, pattern to end of row.

140th row.—P.

141st row.—K. 10, pattern to end of row.

142nd row.—P.

Rep. last 2 rows 7 times, inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of 146th and 153rd rows.

Shape Neck.—K. 12, pattern 50 sts., turn, and leave remaining sts. on a spare needle.

Next row.—Cast off 10 sts., p. to end of row.

Next row.—K. 12, pattern 40.

Next row.—Cast off 10 sts., p. to end.

Next row.—Cast off 11 sts., k to end.

Next row.—Cast off 8 sts., p. to end.

Next row.—Cast off 11 sts., k. to end.

Next row.—P. back. Cast off.

Return to sts. on spare needle. Cast off 12 sts., pattern to end of row.

Next row.—Work in pattern.

Next row.—Cast off 10 sts., pattern to end.

Complete to match opposite side.

TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side of work with warm iron over damp cloth. Join right shoulder. With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, pick up and k. 46 sts. down side of neck, the centre 8 front neck sts., 46 sts. up opposite side of neck and 76 sts. across back neck (176 sts.).

Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 row.

Next row.—* M. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., rep. from * to end of row.

Next row.—P.

Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 2 rows. Cast off in rib.

SLEEVES

With right side of work facing and using No. 12 needles, pick up and k. 7 cast off sts., pick up and k. twice into the next 3 cast off sts., pick up and k. 124 sts. to opposite cast off sts., pick up and k. twice into next 3 sts., pick up and k. 7 sts.

Work band as given for neck.

Work opposite armhole to match.

END

The author of the article "Guilty Wives!" in our September issue, page 13, was inadvertently given as Phœbe Snow, instead of PHŒBE YOUNG.

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